68 ILLUSTRATED PAGES OF THE LAW VS. KILLERS

THE CRIME MACHINE™

50¢

DANNY MORGAN'S BOAST:
"NO JAIL CAN HOLD ME!"

MAY 1971

CAN A VICTIM HIDE FROM THE SAVAGE GUNS OF A
HIRED GUNMAN?

FOLLOW A TRAIL OF BLAZING LEAD!
BULLETPROOF GANG!

THE EMPRESS OF CRIME!
INCENDIARY KILLER!

THE CRIME MACHINE™

VOL. 1 NO. 2
MAY 1971

NAT GROVER HERE! BACK WITH ANOTHER COLD HARD LOOK AT THE CRIME MACHINE! NINE MORE HARD-HITTING CASE-HISTORIES OF THIEVES, ARSONISTS AND ORGANIZED HOODLUMS!-- A TREMENDOUS CHALLENGE TO LAW AND ORDER.

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NO JAIL COULD HOLD HIM!

BY THE TIME HE WAS TWENTY ONE, DANIEL PAUL MORGAN WAS ARIZONA'S *PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE*, AND THE STATE'S CHAMPION JAIL BREAKER!

THREE TIMES HE HAD CLEVERLY BLASTED HIS WAY TO FREEDOM! THIS IS THE STORY OF THE BRUTAL, COLD-BLOODED DANNY'S LAST JAIL-BREAK, AND OF THE STRANGE PROMISE HE EXACTED IN RETURN FOR SPARING SIX LIVES! IT OPENS ON THE SIXTH FLOOR OF IOWA'S MOST MODERN, BEST-GUARDED PRISON...

SO *YOU'RE* THE FAMOUS DANNY MORGAN, EH? WELL, DEWEY, THIS IS *ONE* PRISON YOU WON'T BREAK OUT OF!

THAT'S WHAT *YOU* THINK, CHUMP! THEY NEVER BUILT A JAIL YET THAT COULD HOLD ME!

THE ONLY WAY OUT OF HERE IS THROUGH THEM STEEL DOORS AND SIX FLOORS DOWN ON A LOCKED ELEVATOR... YOU PLANNING TO GROW WINGS AND FLY OUT?

I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING DIFFERENT IN JAIL BREAKS, BUB. I GOT BRAINS ... SEE? *BRAINS!*

FOR WEEKS DANNY WAS A MODEL PRISONER.. THEN, ONE DAY HE HAD A STRANGE VISITOR...

WARDEN! DANNY MORGAN'S KID BROTHER EDWARD IS A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER. HE CAME HERE TO REFORM HIM!

MY BROTHER ISN'T REALLY BAD. LET ME READ TO HIM FROM THE GOOD BOOK! I'M SURE I CAN CHANGE HIM!

ANY CHANGE IN DANIEL MORGAN WOULD BE THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD ...BUT NO HARM IN TRYING. LET ME CHECK ON YOUR RECORD...

EDWARD'S STORY WAS TRUE... DANNY'S KID BROTHER WAS A SHINING EXAMPLE OF GOOD BEHAVIOR, AND DANNY'S FIRST REACTION TO HIS VISITOR WAS FAR FROM CORDIAL...

GET OUT, YOU LITTLE RAT! I DON'T WANT TO LISTEN TO THAT DRIVEL!

HOWEVER, EDWARD HAD PATIENCE... AFTER A WHILE, DANNY LISTENED INTENTLY AS HE READ, AND THEY HAD LONG, SERIOUS CONVERSATIONS...

MORGAN... GENTLE AS A LAMB! I WAS RIGHT ABOUT THAT JAIL BREAK... RELIGION IS GONNA MAKE HIM AN ANGEL .. AND HE'LL FLY OUTTA HERE ON WINGS!

SOME WEEKS LATER...

GOT AN INTERESTING BIBLE YARN TODAY, EDWARD ?

NOT EXACTLY A YARN, SIR... BUT I *HAVE* GOT SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING IN HERE!

PUT 'EM UP, MISTER... AN' GIVE ME THE KEYS TO DANNY'S CELL... QUICK!

WH-WHAT? THE BIBLE--- HOLLOWED OUT--- AND A GUN HIDDEN INSIDE!

EDWARD HAD REALLY SET OUT TO REFORM HIS BROTHER... BUT THE CUNNING DANNY, KNOWING THAT THE KID HAD ALWAYS SECRETLY ADMIRED HIM, *HAD CONVERTED EDWARD*...

HOW AM I DOING, DANNY?

SWELL, KID! WE'RE GONNA GO PLACES TOGETHER. GET THAT PUNK'S ROD, AND WE'RE IN BUSINESS!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS, MORGAN!

MAYBE I WON'T... BUT IF I DON'T, *YOU* WON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT, BECAUSE YOU'LL BE DEAD! KILLING *YOU* WOULDN'T MAKE ME CRY! GET THAT ELEVATOR, AND TAKE US DOWN TO THE BASEMENT!

DANNY HAD LEARNED THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE THAT THERE WAS AN UNGUARDED EXIT LEADING FROM THE BASEMENT, AND SOON....

LEAD THE WAY, COPPER. JUST WALK OUT AND LOOK NATURAL... LIKE YOU WAS ESCORTING ME TO A HEARING IN THE D.A.'S OFFICE.

OUTSIDE, THE GRIM TRIO WALKED ALONG THE STREET, UNTIL DANNY'S SHARP EYE SPOTTED A MAN STARTING HIS CAR...

SIT TIGHT, BUSTER. YOU GOT A COUPLE OF PASSENGERS... IF YOU DON'T DO EXACTLY LIKE I SAY, THIS WAGON IS GONNA BE A *HEARSE*... AND YOU'LL BE THE GUEST OF HONOR!

AS PRISON SIRENS SCREAMED, AND RADIO MESSAGES FLASHED THE NEWS OF DANNY'S ESCAPE...

HEAD FOR VERSEY AVENUE, AND DOWN TO ROUTE 11. TURN OFF AT THE DIRT ROAD TO GOPHERSTOWN, AND WE'LL TAKE BACK ROADS FROM THERE TO 'FRISCO. TAKE IT EASY--- NO MORE THAN TWENTY-FIVE MILES PER HOUR TILL I GIVE YOU THE WORD TO OPEN UP.

AT ROUTE 11...

PULL UP RIGHT ALONGSIDE OF HIM WHEN HE ASKS YOU TO STOP. LOOK SURPRISED... BUT NOT SCARED!

I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT THERE'S BEEN A JAIL BREAK, AND I'M CHECKING EVERY CAR THAT LEAVES TOWN!

KEEP THEM TWO COVERED... I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE COPPER!

WELL, YOU JUST FOUND WHAT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR! THAT OUGHTA MAKE YOU HAPPY. *NOW, YOU --STEP ON IT... HARD!*

KRAKKK!

I TELL YOU, WE'LL CRACK UP! THIS CAR JUST CAN'T LAST DOING SEVENTY ON A ROAD LIKE THIS!

AND *YOU* CAN'T LAST WITH A BULLET IN YOUR HEAD! *I'LL* DECIDE HOW FAST WE GO!

BLOWOUT! I TOLD YOU..
NEVER MIND THE TALK... JUST KEEP HER UNDER CONTROL!
HAAAAAPP!
MOMENTS LATER...
HMM... YOU'RE RIGHT... WE'LL NEVER MAKE FRISCO IN THAT JUNK HEAP. I'M GOING TO THAT FARMHOUSE, EDWARD. YOU FOLLOW, A LITTLE WAY BEHIND, WITH THEM TWO.
I HAD A FLAT DOWN THE ROAD, AND MY JACK DON'T WORK. I THOUGHT MAYBE...
GLAD TO HELP... WAIT TILL I GET THE JACK OUTTA MY CAR... IN THE GARAGE OVER THERE!
JUST A SECOND WHILE I UNLOCK THE TRUNK, AND..
NEVER MIND. JUST HAND ME THE KEYS. THAT BUS IS JUST WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR. BRING THEM TWO PUNKS OVER HERE. EDWARD!
SOON, INSIDE THE FARMHOUSE...
NO SENSE LEAVING YOU BEHIND TO YAP! I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MINUTE TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS!
NO... NO... PLEASE... MY WIFE'S EXPECTING A CHILD!
HMM... I TELL YOU... PROMISE TO NAME THAT KID AFTER ME IF IT'S A BOY, AND I'LL LET YOU LIVE!
I COULDN'T NAME MY SON AFTER SOMEONE WHO KILLED FIVE PEOPLE IN COLD BLOOD... BUT IF YOU DON'T SHOOT THEM EITHER...
OKAY, IT'S A DEAL. TIE THEM UP, EDWARD.... GOOD AND TIGHT!
SURE, DANNY... SURE!

AUTHORITIES STILL HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT STRANGE QUIRK LED MORGAN TO SPARE SIX LIVES IN EXCHANGE FOR THAT STRANGE PROMISE! BUT LATER THAT DAY...
WHAT HAPPENED? HOLD-UP?
WORSE! DANNY MORGAN'S ESCAPING IN HIS CAR. GET THE POLICE, QUICK!
BY LATE AFTERNOON, EVERY ROAD LEADING TO SAN FRANCISCO WAS SWARMING WITH POLICE CARS, AND ON A LONELY STRETCH OF ROUTE 115...
RADIO PATROL RIGHT BEHIND US! SLOW DOWN! I'VE GOTTA GET THIS GUY WITH ONE SHOT!
GOT HIM -- BEFORE HE HAD A CHANCE TO RADIO A MESSAGE! NOW -- SPEED IT UP, KID!
BUT SERGEANT DAVE ANNON HAD ABOUT A MINUTE OF LIFE LEFT... AND HE USED THAT MINUTE!
CAPTAIN.... MORGAN..... GOT ME... ROUTE 115... ABOUT FOUR MILES SOUTH OF RUNSON... I... I...
AGGGGHHH!
NOT MUCH LATER...
DANNY -- COPS COMING AT US FROM BOTH DIRECTIONS! WHA- WHAT'LL WE DO?
RUN THE CAR INTO THAT EMBANKMENT! WE'LL MAKE FOR THAT HILL. THERE'S LOW GROUND ALL AROUND IT!
DON'T BE SCARED, KID! THERE'S PLENTY OF COVER ONCE WE REACH THE TOP... AND IF WE HOLD THEM OFF FOR ABOUT AN HOUR, IT'LL BE DARK, AND WE'LL MAKE OUR GETAWAY THROUGH THE WOODS!

DANNY PLANNED LIKE A MASTER STRATEGIST!
IT'S LIKE KNOCKING OVER CLAY PIGEONS. THEM MONKEYS CAN'T GET A BEAD ON US, AND WE CAN SEE EVERY MOVE THEY MAKE!
I SURE HAVE TO HAND IT TO YOU, DANNY!
MEANWHILE...
IT'LL BE DARK SOON, AND WE'LL LOSE THEM! LET HIGGINS AND ME USE A STUNT I PICKED UP IN THE MARINES, AND TRY TO GET THEM FROM THE REAR!
GOOD IDEA! I'LL DISTRACT THEM WITH A BARRAGE OF MACHINE GUN FIRE...
IF THEY SPOT US, IT'S CURTAINS!
I'LL TAKE THAT CHANCE TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT COP-KILLER!
MINUTES LATER...
COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP! WE HAVE YOU COVERED!
DON'T LET 'EM TAKE YOU ALIVE, KID!
DON'T BE YELLOW KID! OPEN UP ON THE RATS! LET 'EM AARGHH!
I SURRENDER D... DON'T SHOOT ME!
WITH THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER, ALL SIGNS OF REBELLION VANISHED FROM EDWARD.
I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME. PLEASE LET ME GO BACK TO MY SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHING AGAIN... I DON'T WANT ANY MORE EXCITEMENT...
NATURALLY EDWARD'S REQUEST WASN'T GRANTED. BUT THE STORY ISN'T ENDED THERE. A TROUBLED MAN WORRIES ABOUT A PROMISE HE MADE!
I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL DO. IF NOT FOR THAT PROMISE, SIX PEOPLE WOULD HAVE DIED. I... I...JUST HOPE IT'S A GIRL!
END

FRANCINE O'CONNOR WAS A THROWBACK TO THE CAVE WOMAN! HER LIFE WAS A SERIES OF VIOLENT INCIDENTS! SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL, AND POSSESSED FANTASTIC PHYSICAL STRENGTH WITH A CUNNING BRAIN! SHE DRENCHED THE PAGES OF CRIME WITH THE BLOOD OF HER VICTIMS, UNTIL AN AROUSED SOCIETY FINALLY TORE HER DOWN!

FRANCINE O'CONNOR-- THE EMPRESS OF CRIME!

THE DOOR'S LOCKED! WE'VE TAKEN THE WRONG ROUTE!

YOU'LL STAY HERE AND LIKE IT! WE'RE KILLING THEM ALL!

I'M GETTING OUTTA HERE! I DON'T WANNA DIE!

CHARLIE FOLSOM, MANAGER OF A TWO-BIT CARNIVAL NEAR A SMALL WESTERN TOWN, LOOKED AT THE TALL, BEAUTIFUL AMAZON WHO FACED HIM...

I KNEW YOU'D COME BACK, HONEY!

I'M NEVER GOING TO LEAVE HERE AGAIN!

THE AMAZON WAS FRANCINE O'CONNOR, THE CARNIVAL STRONG-WOMAN. HER EYES WERE BRIMMING WITH TEARS. WHAT HAD CAUSED THIS? LET US TURN BACK TO THE PAST---TO HER CHILDHOOD...

YOU MUST BE THE HOUSE, AN' I'LL BE---

FRED... THAT CHILD'S STRENGTH IS UNBELIEVABLE! I... IT'S NOT RIGHT, I TELL YOU! WE MUST HIDE IT!

AND HER PARENTS DID... FOR AWHILE. FRANCINE'S STRENGTH WAS ABNORMAL, EASILY BRINGING A STIGMA ON AN IMPRESSIONABLE GIRL. ONE NIGHT, WHEN SHE WAS SIXTEEN...

THAT WAS A SWELL MOVIE GIRLS...

OKAY, BABES! HAND OVER YOUR PURSES!

EEEEEEEEEEEE

NO! I WON'T LET YOU!!

UGHHH! OHHH!

FRANCINE... H-HE'S NOT MOVING...! *Y-YOU'VE KILLED HIM!*

I ONLY WANTED HIM TO DROP HIS GUN! I-I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT HIM!

THE NEXT MORNING REPORTERS AND ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE CAME TO SEE HER. HER NAME BECAME PUBLIC... HER LIFE, A MESS...

WHY ARE THEY TALKING ABOUT ME? WHY MUST THEY TORTURE ME THIS WAY?

HER NEIGHBORS, BOYFRIENDS, TOTAL STRANGERS LOOKED AT HER ANEW! HERE WAS A NOVELTY... A GIRL OF ENORMOUS STRENGTH... SOMETHING TO BE ENVIED, MOCKED, HATED...!

YAAHH! COME ON FRANCIE, LET'S FIGHT! HA, HA!

PLEASE... LEAVE ME ALONE!

AND TWO YEARS WENT BY... THE SMALL COMMUNITY OSTRACIZED HER! SHE WAS ALMOST SIX FEET TALL, AND WEIGHED 160 POUNDS...

I'M A FREAK, MOTHER! WELL, IF THAT'S WHAT I AM... THEN I WANT TO GET PAID FOR IT!

AT FIRST THE O'CONNOR FAMILY WOULD NOT HEAR OF IT, BUT CONSTANT BICKERING FINALLY FORCED THEM TO YIELD...

NOW, YOU'RE SURE...?

YES, POPS! IT'S BETTER THIS WAY!

DON'T WORRY, I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER!

FRANCINE BECAME THE BIGGEST DRAW IN THE CARNIVAL AS THE YEARS PASSED BY. SHE GREW MORE BEAUTIFUL AND MORE STRONG...

...THEN ONE DAY, SHE DECIDED TO FACE THE OUTSIDE WORLD AGAIN...

SO SHE LEFT, CHANGED HER NAME, AND TOOK A CLERICAL POSITION. BUT HER STRENGTH COULDN'T BE HIDDEN FOR LONG...

IT WAS THE SAME EVERYWHERE SHE WENT. HER CHILDHOOD HAD LEFT ITS MARK... AND NOW SHE WAS BACK...

SHE WAS DIFFERENT NOW... GRIM, WITHDRAWN! THEN SHE MET ART FAROLA, ONE OF THE NEW ROUSTABOUTS THE FIRST MAN EVER TO SHOW HER KIND ATTENTION...

BUT FRANCINE WAS A GIRL IN LOVE, AND... ONE NIGHT ON THE EXPRESS HIGHWAY, WHERE A MOTORIST HAD PARKED FOR A MOMENT'S REST---

THEY BRANCHED OUT TO OTHER CRIMES. STORE THEFTS, LOFT ROBBERIES... UNTIL ONE DAY THEY WERE CAUGHT...
DROP THOSE GUNS, BOTH OF YOU!
WHO'S GONNA MAKE US, COPPERS? I'LL---
AARGGGH!
BAM
YOU KILLED HIM! YOU KILLED ART! I'LL MAKE YOU PAY!
GRAB HER, MEN! SHE'S AN ENTIRE ARMY!
FRANCINE O'CONNOR WAS GIVEN A TEN-YEAR SENTENCE AND SENT TO WOMEN'S PRISON, WHERE THE TOUGHEST FEMALE CRIMINALS WERE...
THERE'S THE GREEN PIGEON! LET'S TEACH HER WE'RE THE IMPORTANT ONES HERE!
OKAY! HEY, YOU! LOOK UP WHEN WE TALK TO YOU! WHAT WE SAY GOES!
YOU AND WHO ELSE?
CRANDALL GOT SMACKED BY THE NEW FISH! SAY, SHE'S GOOD!
FROM NOW ON I'LL DO THE BOSSING!
YOU'LL BOSS NO ONE, O'CONNOR! GET TO WORK!
BUT WITHIN SIX MONTHS, FRANCINE WAS RULING THE INMATES WITH HER IRON FISTS...
HERE YOU ARE, DEARIE! PSSST... CRANDALL'S HOLDING OUT ON YOU!
SHE IS, EH? SHE'LL LEARN TO GIVE ME HER QUOTA OF CIGARETTES LIKE THE OTHERS!
SHE WAS COMPLETELY COOPERATIVE AND OBEDIENT WITH THE PRISON OFFICIALS, HOWEVER, AND SOON BECAME A TRUSTY IN THE FILE ROOM.
ELLIS, EVELYN... ARMED ROBBERY; ELKINS, ROBERTA... ASSAULT; ELSWORTH, DOROTHY... MURDER...
ALL RIGHT, O'CONNOR. THAT'S ENOUGH CATALOGUING FOR TODAY!

A YEAR... TWO... PASSED. FRANCINE BECAME A HARDENED VETERAN OF THE PRISON, AND SMART ENOUGH TO THINK OF A DARING PLAN OF ESCAPE...
...BUT WILL IT WORK?
WHEN I SAY IT WILL, IT WILL, STUPID!
TWO MORNINGS LATER, THE MATRONS AT THE FACTORY WARD WERE JUST CHANGING SHIFTS, WHEN...
LET'S GO! WE WANT OUTTA HERE! OUT OF OUR WAY!
CALL THE WARDEN... HURRY! IT'S A PRISON BREAK!
IN ANOTHER PART OF THE PRISON, INSIDE THE FILE-ROOM, WAITING FOR THE BREAK, WAS FRANCINE...
THERE IT IS! AND THE MATRON'S CAR IS PARKED OUTSIDE THE GATE, AS IT ALWAYS IS! HA, HA... SO LONG, SUCKERS!
CLANG CLANG CLANG
EEEEEOOOOO
HERE, YOU...! YOU CAN'T DO THAT! STOP... UGHHHH!
DRY UP, FATSO!
CLANG CLANG CLANG
HERE I COME, WORLD! THIS TIME YOU'RE GOING TO REGRET IT!
RRROOM
THE PRISON BREAK WAS HALTED, BUT FRANCINE O'CONNOR HAD MADE GOOD HER ESCAPE. THEN, WHEN SOME OF THE INMATES WERE PARDONED, SHE SENT FOR THEM...
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF THESE GORILLAS BRINGING ME HERE? OH, IT'S YOU, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSIN'...!
SHUT UP, AND LISTEN...!
YOU'RE OUT NOW, AREN'T YOU? AND IF I DIDN'T MAKE IT, YOU WOULDN'T BE GETTING THIS BREAK! I NEED YOU... NEED YOUR SKILL WITH A GUN. I'LL PAY YOU WELL... A GRAND A JOB...
A...A GRAND? S...SURE! BUT WHAT'S THE DEAL

FRANCINE HAD ORGANIZED A GANG! SHE HAD PICKED EACH CRIMINAL EXPERT FROM THOSE FILES IN PRISON... AND MORE! EACH TIME A DESIRED INMATE WAS DISCHARGED, SHE WAS WELCOMED INTO A GROWING MEMBERSHIP OF KILLERS--*FEMALE* KILLERS!

OKAY, GIRLS! GOT EVERYTHING?

YEAH! LET'S BLOW!

HELP! THEY 'AVE ROBBED MY ESTABLISHMENT! *OOOHH!*

THAT'LL SHUT YOU UP! *GET GOING!*

BAM BAM

AND IF PEOPLE THOUGHT GIRLS COULDN'T BE AS VICIOUS AS MALE HOODLUMS THEY WERE VERY MUCH MISTAKEN...

RAT TAT TAT TAT TAT

THE DANGEROUS AMAZON NOW MOVED HER OPERATIONS TO THE BIG CITIES AND CROWDED IN ON THE POWERFUL RACKETEERS.

THAT'S MY OFFER, DUKE! TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

YOU'RE NUTS! MY BOYS WOULD KNOCK YOU OFF IF YOU TRIED TO HORN IN!

YOU'RE BETTER OFF BEING MY FRAIL! *OWWW!*

I'M *NOBODY'S* GIRL! NOW I'M *TELLING* YOU... EITHER YOU CUT ME IN OR... ELSE...

WHY, YOU...!

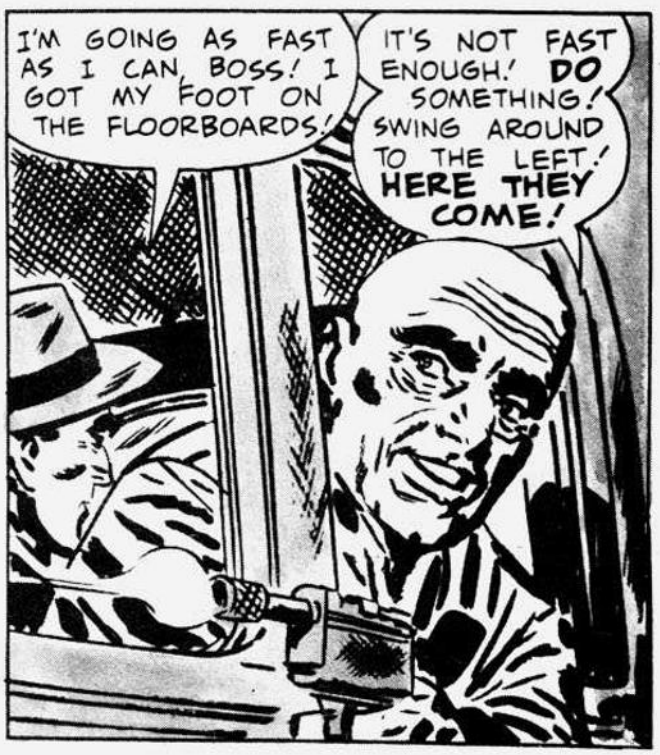
DON'T TRY IT! I'D BREAK YOUR NECK WITH ONE SQUEEZE ...BUT IN CASE I DON'T, MY GIRLS WOULD FINISH YOU! NOW TELL YOUR PALS TO COME ACROSS!!

SO THE "WEAKER SEX" CAME INTO THE FOLD, AND FRANCINE O'CONNOR BECAME EMPRESS OF CRIME!
TWO YEARS LATER SAW O'CONNOR AND CO. STILL ON TOP! BUT SOMETHING WAS DESTINED TO GIVE...
SOMEONE SQUEALED ABOUT YOUR BEING A JAILBIRD! THE COPS ARE OUTSIDE...
GRAB THOSE FILES... AND FOLLOW ME!
FRANCINE WAS WELL-PREPARED FOR SUCH AN EMERGENCY. SHE RACED THROUGH A SEWER OUTLET TO HER GET-AWAY CAR. BUT FATE HAD ANOTHER PLAN..
HURRY... THEY'RE GAINING ON US! PUFF... PUFF...
HALT... OR WE'LL FIRE!
FIRE, AND BE HANGED!
FRANCINE... IT'S LOCKED! WE'VE TAKEN THE WRONG WAY!
WHAT? IT CAN'T BE! HERE... LET ME TRY IT! UGHHHHH!
I'M GOING BACK! I... I DON'T WANNA DIE!
N... NO! DON'T SHOOT! Y-A-A-A-A-A-H!
HERE... GIVE ME THAT TYPEWRITER!
BANG! BANG!
DROP IT, FRANCINE! YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!
A... ALL RIGHT... I... I GIVE UP!
I WANT TO SEE MY LAWYER!
SISTER, WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU WON'T NEED A LAWYER!
FRANCINE O'CONNOR WAS RE-SENTENCED AND EXECUTED THREE MONTHS LATER! THUS ENDED ONE OF THE STRANGEST CRIME CAREERS ON RECORD... ANOTHER THRILLING ACCOUNT FROM THE FILES OF... CRIME MACHINE!

CHARLIE LUPETTI AND HIS BULLET-PROOF GANG

CHARLIE LUPETTI WAS A BRILLIANT AND CUNNING CRIMINAL! BUT ONCE THE LAW HAD THUMBED DOWN ON HIM, HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT HE COULDN'T GET THE UPPER HAND. HOWEVER, LUPETTI WAS A GUY WHO NEVER KNEW WHEN TO STOP-- AND THIS TIME HE BIT OFF MORE THAN HE COULD CHEW!

THE YEAR WAS 1938, IN A LARGE EASTERN CITY. STREAKING DOWN A NARROW BACKSTREET WAS A LARGE LIMOUSINE PURSUED BY THE GRIM POLICE!



TURN! TURN!
I-I CAN'T! I THINK DA WHEEL CAME OFF!
YAAAAAHHH!!
BARROOM!
M-MY LEG! P-PLEASE, SOMEONE--HELP ME! MY LEG...I'M DYIN'! PLEASE...
SHUDDAP, JERK! OKAY, COPPERS! COME AN' GET US!
YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE, LUPETTI! WE GOT YOU! GIVE UP NOW AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!
NUTS! RUN, GUYS! OVER THERE--PUFF... PUFF... GET INTO ONE OF THOSE LOFTS!
THE DESPERATE HOODS DASHED MADLY INTO A DESERTED LOFT WAREHOUSE--BUT THE POLICE WERE RIGHT ON THEIR HEELS!
GET UP THERE--QUICK! ONCE WE REACH THAT WINDOW WE CAN DOUBLE AROUND AND LAM!
OWW! MY SHOULDER!... THEY GOT MY SHOULDER!
YA GOT JOEY, YA DIRTY COPPERS! YA GOT MY KID BROTHER! I'LL FIX YA! I'LL KILL THE WHOLE BUNCH OF YA!
ALL RIGHT, MEN! OPEN UP!

AIEEE!

COME ON, BOSS! COME ON!

LET 'IM GO! LET'S SCRAM WHILE WE CAN!

ARE YOU COMING DOWN QUIETLY, LUPETTI--OR DO WE WE MAKE THIS THE LAST BURST?

A-ALL RIGHT! I-I'M THROUGH, I GUESS! I GIVE UP!

THE NEWS FLASHED OVER THE ENTIRE NATION! CHARLIE LUPETTI, PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1 --BOSS OF THE SLUMS' KILLER GANG, HAD BEEN CAPTURED ALIVE!

NEWS

KILLER CAPTURED!

REST OF GANG ESCAPES EXCEPT FOR TWO! LUPETTI TO BE SENTENCED TOMORROW!

JUSTICE WAS GRIM AND SWIFT! CHARLES "KILLER" LUPETTI --ALIAS CARLOS LUPETTI --ALIAS A DOZEN OTHER BOGUS NAMES, STOOD BEFORE THE COURT, HEARING THE WORDS THAT SPELLED HIS DOOM!

CHARLES LUPETTI--FOR THE MURDER OF SVEN ELBERG, A RIVAL IN YOUR HOODLUM RACKET OF EXTORTION AND KICK-BACKS, YOU ARE SENTENCED TO **LIFE** AT GANSON PRISON!

AND A WEEK LATER, THE COUNTRY'S WORST CRIMINAL SINCE JOHN DILLINGER WALKED INTO THE PRISON DEJECTED AND FORGOTTEN. CHARLES LUPETTI WAS **THROUGH!**

HE'S ALL YOURS NOW! THIS IS THE END OF THE ROAD!

AND IN A FARMHOUSE MANY MILES AWAY...

HE'LL NEVER GET OUT NOW! NOBODY-- BUT **NOBODY** COULD BREAK OUT OF THAT HOLE!

I TOLD YA WE SHOULD HAVE WAITED FOR HIM! IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SO CHICKEN DA BOSS'D BE HERE WIT' US TODAY!

WHO YOU CALLIN' CHICKEN? WHY, YOU, I'LL--

HOLD IT! DON'T LOSE YOUR TEMPER! FIGHTING AMONG OURSELVES AIN'T GONNA SOLVE ANYTHING! CHARLIE IS IN STIR NOW, SO WE GOTTA FERGET HIM! I GOT OTHER PLANS!

NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'! I'M WITH YA, GREG!

GREG FELUCCI HAD NOT BEEN LUPETTI'S SECOND-IN-COMMAND FOR NOTHING! THE GANG LOST NO TIME IN CASHING IN ON THEIR RACKETS!

HELLO, GUYS! LONG TIME NO SEE! WE BEEN WONDERIN' WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR DUES!

YEAH! YOU OWE US ABOUT THREE GRAND, ALL TOLD!

BEAT IT! WE DON'T WANT CROOKS AROUND HERE ANY MORE! WE BEEN PAYIN' YOU **LEECHES** LONG ENOUGH!

YEAH! GET OUTTA HERE OR WE'LL **THROW** YOU OUT!

GO BACK IN YOUR HOLES!

HA HA

BLAM!

ARGGH!

YOU SHOT FRANK! YOU DIRTY, NO-GOOD RATS SHOT MY BOY! I'LL--**UNH!**

TOUGH GUYS, EH? OKAY— YOU ASKED FOR IT!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT, GREG! IT'S **MURDER** NOW! CHARLIE WOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT LIKE THAT! THEY CAN TESTIFY AGAINST US IN COURT!

AW, SHUT YER TRAP! I'M NOT CHARLIE! COME ON, **RUN!**

THE PANICKY KILLERS AGAIN HOLED UP IN THEIR HIDEOUT, WAITING FOR THE HEAT TO DIE DOWN! THREE WEEKS PASSED...

ANY NEWS IN THE PAPERS, GREG? ARE THE COPPERS WISE TO US YET?

YEAH--BUT THEY DON'T KNOW WHERE TO FIND US! WE SURE LOUSED THAT ONE UP PRETTY BAD! I GUESS I LOST MY HEAD!

BUT I'VE GOT ANOTHER ACE UP MY SLEEVE! THE BOSS USED TO DEAL IN DOPE! AND I KNOW JUST WHO TO SEE! NOW, HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO...

A FEW NIGHTS LATER, GREG FELUCCI AND THE REST MADE AN APPOINTMENT WITH AN OLD CAPTAIN OF A SCOWBOAT...

I DON'T CARE WHO YOU'RE PALS OF! I DON'T DO BUSINESS WITH STRANGERS!

BUT I JUST GOT THROUGH TELLING YA! **WE'RE CHARLIE LUPETTI'S BOYS!** WHAT'S WRONG WITH YA? DON'T YOU LIKE MONEY?

YOU OLD GOAT! THIS IS WHERE YOU GET YOURS! GIVE IT TO HIM, BOYS!

SURE I DO--BUT YOU PUNKS AIN'T GOT THE SNAP YOUR BOSS USED TO HAVE--AND YOU DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY, EITHER! NO GREEN STUFF, NO POWDER!

WIT' PLEASURE!

N-NO, **DON'T!** I'LL GET SOME POWDER FOR YOU! I-I'LL-- **ARRGGGHH!**

HE DIDN'T CARRY ANY ON HIM--AN' HE SURE DON'T HAVE ANY JUNK IN THIS OL' CRATE!

EVERYTHING'S GOING WRONG! OUR LUCK DON'T HOLD UNLESS THE BOSS IS AROUND! COME ON-- BEFORE THE BULLS GET HERE!

AGAIN THE CLUMSY, DUMB MOBSTERS RETIRED TO THEIR HIDEOUT TO LICK THEIR WOUNDED VANITY. BUT THIS TIME GREG FELUCCI HAD A REAL IDEA!

JOEY--WASN'T YOUR OLD MAN A TAILOR? D'YA THINK YA COULD SEW A FEW SUITS THE WAY I WANT YA TO? AN' DYE 'EM BLUE?

YEAH-- I GUESS I CAN... SO WHAT?

WE'RE NO GOOD WITHOUT CHARLIE! OKAY--SO WE GO AFTER HIM WHERE HE IS! WE'LL GET IN AS **PRISON GUARDS!** GOT IT?

YEAH! IT'LL BE THE BREAK OF THE CENTURY!

IN THE FOLLOWING MONTH, CHARLIE LUPETTI'S LETTERS FROM "HOME" BECAME MORE DETAILED...

"AND YOUR COUSIN JOE SENDS HIS REGARDS... HE'LL GO TO THE DOCTOR'S AT EIGHT O'CLOCK MONDAY"... HMMM... GREGG AN' THE BOYS BEEN WORKIN' OVERTIME!

With information smuggled out of the prison to his gang, Luppetti formed the plans for his own escape! That Monday, at eight o'clock in the morning, a prison sedan approached the prison gate...

Okay! Get set! Here he comes!

Hey--where did you get that sedan? It looks like one of our cars! I'll-- **Ulp!**

Hold it, jerk! Get inside--quick! And wave your hand to your buddies to let them see you're all right--or **else!**

The helpless man did as he was told, giving the signal to open the gate! The sedan rolled through--the fantastic scheme was half-accomplished!

Ha, ha! I told you if we painted this job just like those prison buggies we'd pass in!

What do you want? What are you going to do with me?

Just this!

That silencer sure works, eh? I hope these bullet-proof vests work as well!

Don't worry, they will! Come on inside, quick! His cell is in this place!

Here comes one of the bulls!

Aaarghh! You can't go in there--

Okay--here's the keys!

Good work, boys! Is the car parked outside like I said?

Yeah, boss! We'll be out of this can in no time! Ha, ha!

Hey, how about us? Let us **outta here!**

SECONDS LATER, THE ENTIRE GANG HAD REACHED THE COURTYARD! THEY BEGAN TO WALK QUICKLY TO THE CAR. BUT WALL GUARDS HAD SPOTTED THEM...

STOP! STOP--OR WE'LL FIRE!

RAT-TAT-TAT!

COME AN' GET US, SUCKERS!

HOW COME SLUG GOT HIT? I THOUGHT YOU GUYS HAD ON BULLET-PROOF VESTS?

HE TOOK HIS OFF--SAID IT WAS TOO HEAVY, THE CREEP! WELL--HE GOT IT!

OKAY--STOP TALKING AND GO THROUGH THAT GATE! THAT'S IT! NOW!

SO LONG, NITWITS! HA, HA! YA DIDN'T THINK IT COULD BE DONE, HUH? WELL, CHARLIE LUPETTI ALWAYS FINDS A WAY, HA, HA, HA!

TURN DOWN THIS ROAD, GREG--AN' HEAD FOR OPEN COUNTRY! THEY'LL BE AFTER US IN SECONDS!

HEY, GREG! YOU'RE GOIN' TOO FAST! SLOW DOWN--OR WE'LL HIT THAT SOFT SHOULDER IN THE ROAD!

GREG'S **DEAD!** HE'S WEDGED IN AT THE WHEEL! STOP HIM--FER THE LUVVA PETE--**STOP HIM!**

WE'RE GOIN' INTO THE RIVER! WE'LL **SINK!** ALL OF US! **YAAAHH!**

THUS ENDED THE FANTASTIC PRISON BREAK OF CHARLIE LUPETTI AND HIS PALS! THEY HAD PREPARED THE SILENCER, BULLET PROOF VESTS--EVERYTHING! BUT THEY HADN'T RECKONED WITH IRONIC, MOCKING **FATE!**

THE CORPSE IN THE LAKE!

The sanitation man whistled softly to himself as he walked around the shores of the lake, clearing it of refuse and driftwood. Then he stopped whistling and his eyes clouded in annoyance. A wooden barrel lay on the sandy lake shore. It was too large to carry while he completed his task—he would have to make two trips, now! Grumbling, he kicked at the barrel with his foot.

Then he gasped in horror, because the water-soaked cask fell apart to reveal part of a human female torso! Terrified, the old man hurried away to fetch the police.

Inspector Daniel Harmon of the Los Angeles police force was troubled by the case. He and his staff of crime experts sat up late that night, examining minutely every bit of the meager evidence at their disposal. The body had been dissected crudely. What the police had was the lower part of the corpse. The barrel into which it had been stuffed was of a type commonly used for many purposes. But the sharp eyes of Detective-Sergeant William Jameson noticed that the ordinary-looking wire which had been wrapped around the barrel to keep the corpse enclosed was stamped with a serial number.

A check with the leading manufacturer of wire in the Los Angeles region disclosed that the number was the dealer's serial, and that the wire had been sold by them to a hardware store on Ravelon Street.

The Ravelon Street hardware dealer recalled having sold a quantity of the wire to a heavy-set, excited man with thick, bushy eyebrows, on the previous week. Harmon felt interested; the coroner had estimated that the girl had been killed five days before the discovery of the body. This, the police officer felt, might be a good lead! But it led him only to a blank wall.

All the hardware man knew of his customer was that he had been bushy-browed and excited. He had never seen him before or since.

"I could identify him in a minute if I ever catch sight of him again," the shopkeeper said. But Harmon turned away, discouraged.

He had to wait a full week before his next break presented itself. Neighbors of a lovely young voice student notified the police department that 22-year-old Josephine Dumas was missing from her Hollywood apartment.

And this time, when Harmon showed a search warrant to the building superintendant and was shown into Josephine Dumas' apartment, he struck pay dirt! Blood spotted the parlour rugs, and a trail of blood led to a closet which contained a gory dressing gown. Everything pointed to the fact that the murdered girl had been identified. But one big question remained unanswered.

Who had killed her?

Again Detective Jameson supplied a vital lead. "The murderer dismembered her body," he said. "We've been unable to find anything else in the lake. Probably he hid different sections of the body in different places, so that the body would be hard to identify. Therefore, now that we have the identity of the girl established, we have to sift through the list of acquaintances who might possibly have killed her."

Inspector Harmon agreed. The next two weeks were spent in questioning friends and fellow students of Josephine Dumas. Finally, one of the girls questioned volunteered that Josephine had been secretly meeting Charlie Kelly, a young groundkeeper at the music school she attended.

That night police officers were at the apartment of Charles Kelly when he came home. They were prepared to take him in for questioning, but questioning proved to be unnecessary. Kelly was drunk, and when he saw the detectives he smiled.

"I've been wondering when you'd come for me," he said. "I'm glad it's over." He admitted to the drunken killing of Josephine, and showed the authorities where he had hidden the rest of the corpse in an old quarry.

State psychiatrists ruled him insane, and he is now confined in a California State Hospital for the Mentally Ill.

IN THE UNDERWORLD THERE ARE FEW CUSTOMS WEIRDER THAN THE NICKNAMING OF ITS MOST INFAMOUS MEMBERS. THOUGH THE ORDINARY CITIZEN MAY LAUGH AT SUCH QUEER NAMES, THE POLICE OFFICER FREQUENTLY FINDS THEM HELPFUL IN TRACKING DOWN HIS MAN. LOU SAVATTO IS A GOOD EXAMPLE--HIS NICKNAME BROUGHT HIM WRETCHEDNESS AND DEATH!

LOU "LIMPY" SAVATTO HIRED GUNMAN

SOME CRIMINALS LIKE TO TELL HOW THEY "NEVER GOT A CHANCE" TO MAKE GOOD. LOU SAVATTO, ALTHOUGH A CRIPPLE, HAD ALL THE CHANCES IN THE WORLD...

PERHAPS LOU DID HAVE CAUSE TO BE BITTER. HIS FATHER CLEARLY DISLIKED HIM, AND THE NEIGHBORHOOD BOYS MADE FUN OF HIM...

YAAAA! THERE GOES LIMPY! HA, HA!

GO AWAY! I HATE YOU!

AFTER HIS FATHER HAD DIED AND HIS BROTHER HAD MARRIED, LOU BECAME MORE WITHDRAWN...

"LIMPY," THEY CALL ME! OKAY--SO I CAN'T WALK LIKE THEM, BUT I'LL MAKE 'EM WISH THEY NEVER KNEW ME!

LOU DECIDED HE WOULD PREY ON SOCIETY INSTEAD OF ADAPTING HIMSELF TO IT. ON JULY 19, 1928, HIS CRIMINAL CAREER STARTED!

HEY, YOU! GET AWAY FROM THAT CAR!

CHICKEE, LIMPY! IT'S DA COPS!

I DON'T LIKE COPS, ESPECIALLY COPS THAT TRY TO STOP ME FROM BORROWING A CAR!

Y-YOU KILLED HIM! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

BAM!

BAM!

THE LAW CLOSED IN ON LOU SAVATTO IMMEDIATELY, AND HE WAS SENTENCED TO LIFE. IN PRISON, HIS TRUE REASON FOR NOT ADAPTING HIMSELF TO SOCIETY CAME OUT...

HE'S A NEUROTIC -- ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT SCRUPLES--WITHOUT RESPECT FOR ANYONE!

WE'LL WATCH HIM!

BUT LIMPY WASN'T RESIGNED TO STAY IN PRISON. FOR THREE YEARS, HE BIDED HIS TIME. THEN ONE DAY, WHILE WORKING ON A ROCK QUARRY...

STOP HIM! HE'S GETTING AWAY!

BANG!

GO ON AND FIRE AWAY, SUCKERS! YOU AIN'T GONNA GET ME--EVER!

ZING!

SAVATTO STUCK TO HIS WORD. HE DISAPPEARED, ONLY TO RE-APPEAR ONE YEAR LATER AS A TRIGGERMAN AND GOON EXTRAORDINARY FOR MIKE BUERGAR--RACKETEER BEER-BARON...

MIKE BUERGAR WAS IN A DYING BUSINESS. THAT IS, ONE DAY, HE AND HIS MOB GOT A DOZEN SLUGS THROUGH THEM. BUT LOU HAD ESCAPED AND WAS STILL IN THE ASSASSINATING RACKET!...

AND THE MURDER BUSINESS WAS GOOD--SOMEONE WAS ALWAYS WANTING SOMEONE ELSE TO BE ELIMINATED. LOU SAVATTO HAD NOW FOUND HIS CALLING--THAT OF **HIRED MURDERER!**

BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BAN

TWO YEARS OF HIRED KILLING BROUGHT HIM A REPUTATION IN THE UNDERWORLD. HE NOW SPECIALIZED ONLY IN BIG MURDERS. HE EVEN SET UP AN OFFICE!

UHHH... I'M TIRED TODAY! WHO'S NEXT, JOE?
MONK SULLIVAN, LIMPY!

WELL, LET HIM IN!
HE DON'T HAFTA! I'M HERE ALREADY! LIMPY--I GOT A JOB FOR YOU!

THEY ALL GOT JOBS FOR ME, MONK! BUT MONEY TALKS!
HERE'S TWENTY-FIVE GRAND! THIS JOB'S BIG, LIMPY! BOTCH IT UP, AND WE'RE **BOTH** THROUGH! NOW, HERE'S THE DETAILS...

MONK SULLIVAN WAS THE BIG SHOT OF THE EAST SIDE, AND HIS RIVAL WAS VINCE DANIELS, THE UNDERWORLD RULER OF THE WEST SIDE. LOU HAD HIS JOB CUT OUT FOR HIM, AND ONE NIGHT...

THAT WAS A GOOD DINNER, EH, BOYS!
PARDON ME, SIR, I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOU!

HEY! YOU'RE NO MESSENGER! YOU'RE LIM--**ARRGGH!**
URGH!
YOU GUESSED IT, BRIGHT-EYES!
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!

EEEE!
HE DID IT! THERE HE GOES!

VINCE DANIELS' DEATH STIRRED UP A HORNET'S NEST IN THE UNDER-WORLD, AND A VICIOUS WAR WAS DECLARED ON MONK SULLIVAN AND HIS MOB...

RAT-TAT-TAT!!

IT WAS JUST THREE WEEKS AFTER DANIELS' DEATH THAT SAVATTO DECIDED IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA IF HE LEFT TOWN...

IS THIS ALL BOSS?

YEAH! COME ON-- WE HAFTA GET OUTTA HERE FAST!

HOLD IT, LIMPY! YOU AIN'T GOING ANYPLACE!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WHAT DO WE WANT, HE SAYS! HA! SHOW 'EM, MOPSY!

WIT PLEASURE!

WATCH IT, JOEY!

Y!!!!!!

YOU DIRTY RATS! LET'S SEE YA GET ME!

RAT-TAT-TAT-

TAT-TA

IF I CAN ONLY MAKE IT OUT THE BACK WAY,.. I GOTTA MOVE FAST.., MY FOOT..UNHH! NOT FAST ENOUGH...!

THAT'S FER VINCE, CHUMP!

TAT-TAT!!

RAT-TAT-

AND WHEN THE SMOKE HAD CLEARED, LIMPY LOU SAVATTO LAY IN A POOL OF HIS OWN GORE--ONE DEAD MURDERER--BETRAYED BY HIS OWN GREED FOR BLOOD MONEY--BETRAYED BY THE THING THAT HAD EARNED HIM HIS NICKNAME--**HIS POOR, TWISTED, FOOT!**

AN ALL AROUND RAT, THIEF, ARSONIST AND KILLER, LEECH McCOY MADE A SPECIALTY OF BURNING AND BOMBING FOR PROFIT. ON THE WANTED LIST OF EVERY ENFORCEMENT AGENCY, HE LED A RECKLESS AND BRUTAL CAREER UNTIL STOPPED BY THE GUNS OF THE LAW...!
LEECH McCOY... INCENDIARY KILLER!

MARCH, 1937..OUTSIDE LOOMIS, ILLINOIS, LEECH McCOY MEETS WITH A GANG LEADER...
McCOY, I GOT A JOB FOR YOU. BUT I AIN'T TALKIN' IN FRONT OF NO DAME!
SHE'S ALL RIGHT, LOUIE! DOES ALL MY DRIVING... BABY, MEET LOUIE GASSO!

I WANT REVENGE ON TWO GUYS! THEY BOTH GOT NICE HOUSES, AND THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN... FOR FIVE GRAND!
YOU WANT ME TO SET A TORCH TO THOSE HOUSES? I'M YOUR MAN!

THREE NIGHTS LATER McCOY GOES TO WORK...

THIS'LL MAKE SOME FIRE! I SURE WISH I COULD STAY AROUND AND SEE IT...

LOOK AT HER GO! THEY AREN'T GOIN' TO PUT THIS OUT IN A HURRY. I BETTER BEAT IT BEFORE I'M TRAPPED....

MINUTES LATER...

EEEEE! HELP! HELP!

LISTEN TO 'EM YELL, BABY. IF WE COULD ONLY STAY AN' WATCH!

LEECH, YOU MUST BE MAD!

A WEEK LATER, McCOY GOES TO WORK ON THE SECOND HOUSE.....

THE GUY THAT PLANNED THIS HOUSE MUST HAVE FIGURED ON BOMBIN' IT. WHAT A SPOT TO PLANT THE STUFF! SHE'LL GO SKY HIGH!

OKAY, BABY, GET ROLLIN'! THESE BOMBS AIN'T PREDICTABLE!

DON'T WORRY, I'M NOT STAYIN'...

TWENTY MINUTES LATER.....

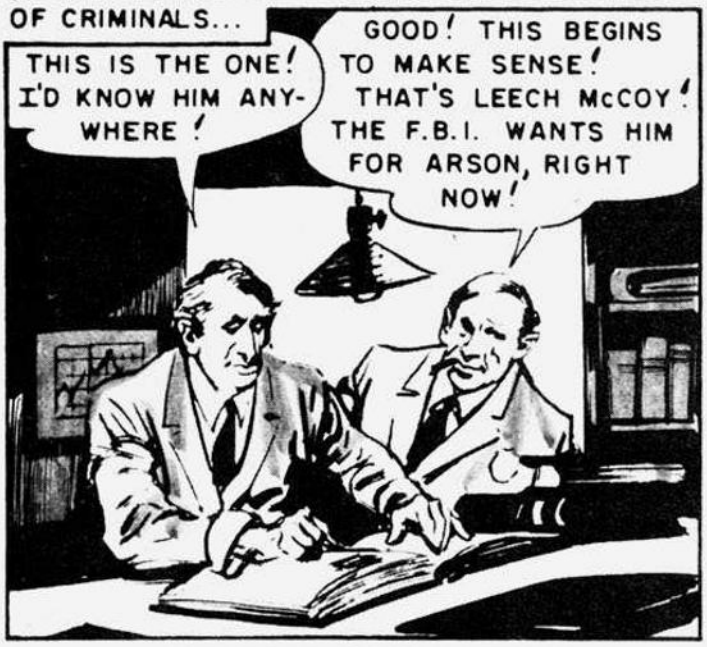
THE NEXT DAY THE POLICE LAUNCHED AN INTENSIVE INVESTIGATION...

...WELL, I SAW THIS MAN AN' GIRL COMING FROM GASSO'S PLACE. THEN I SAW THEM SPEED AWAY FROM THAT FIRE.

GO OVER THE PICTURES IN THE ROGUE'S GALLERY, AND SEE IF YOU CAN RECOGNIZE THIS CHARACTER!

CAPT. J. O'DAY

AFTER HOURS OF PORING OVER PICTURES OF CRIMINALS...



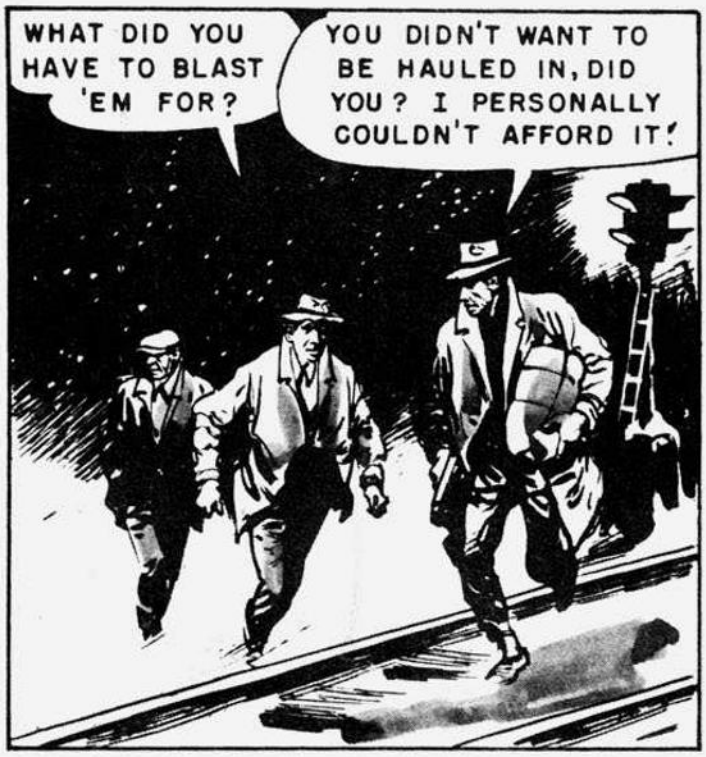
POLICE PUT THE AREA AROUND GASSO'S JOINT UNDER SURVEILLANCE. THREE DAYS LATER, McCOY COMES TO GET THE $5,000..

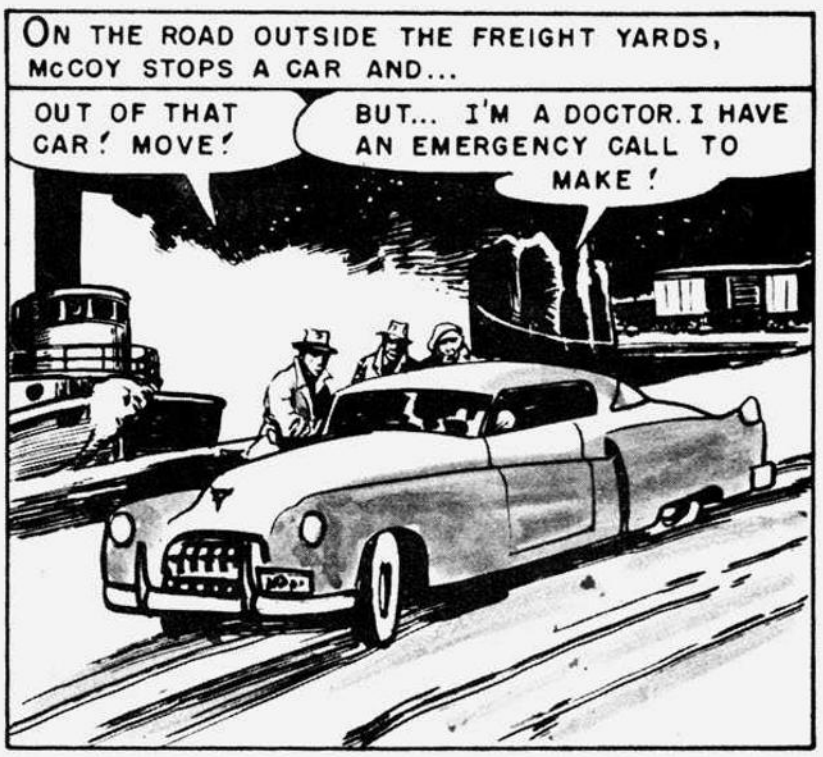
INSIDE...

A WIDESPREAD ALARM FOR McCOY IS SENT OUT, BUT HE MANAGES TO DISAPPEAR! THEN SIX WEEKS LATER, IN A LOUISVILLE FREIGHT YARD...

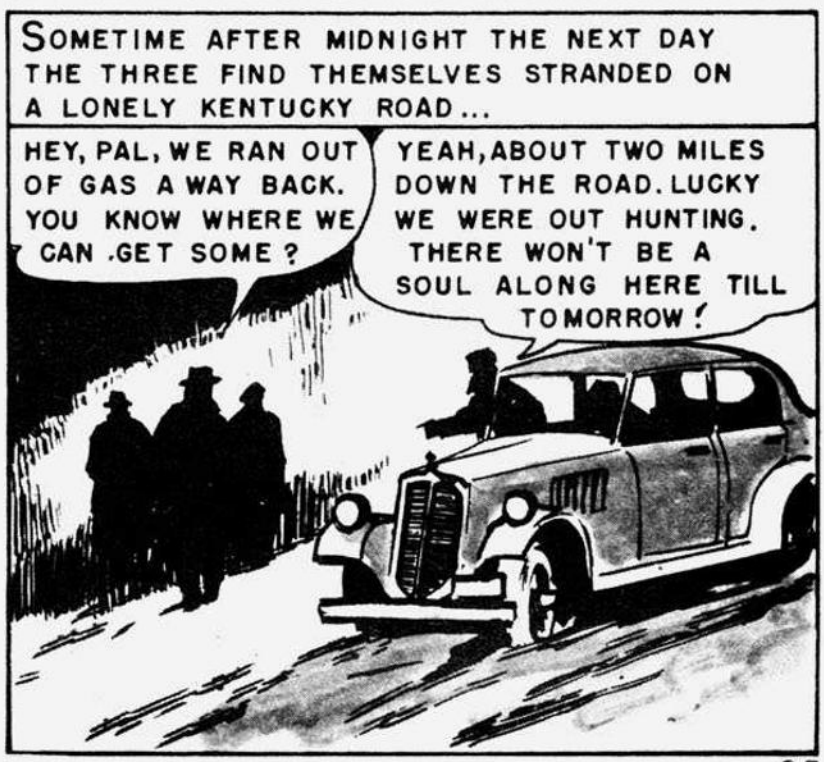
I TOLD YOU, YOU AIN'T TAKING ME!
DROP THAT GUN OR... UGH!
YOU DIRTY KILLER! I'LL FIX YOU!!

YOU AIN'T FIXIN' NOBODY, COPPER!
YOU'RE NUTS, McCOY, SHOOTIN' COPS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!


WHAT DID YOU HAVE TO BLAST 'EM FOR?
YOU DIDN'T WANT TO BE HAULED IN, DID YOU? I PERSONALLY COULDN'T AFFORD IT!


ON THE ROAD OUTSIDE THE FREIGHT YARDS, McCOY STOPS A CAR AND...
OUT OF THAT CAR! MOVE!
BUT... I'M A DOCTOR. I HAVE AN EMERGENCY CALL TO MAKE!

NOT TODAY, YOU HAVEN'T!
COME ON, McCOY! LET'S BLOW!
UHH!


SOMETIME AFTER MIDNIGHT THE NEXT DAY THE THREE FIND THEMSELVES STRANDED ON A LONELY KENTUCKY ROAD...
HEY, PAL, WE RAN OUT OF GAS A WAY BACK. YOU KNOW WHERE WE CAN GET SOME?
YEAH, ABOUT TWO MILES DOWN THE ROAD. LUCKY WE WERE OUT HUNTING. THERE WON'T BE A SOUL ALONG HERE TILL TOMORROW!

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THOSE MEN. ONE OF THEM HAD A GUN IN HIS POCKET ON US ALL THE TIME WE TALKED!
WE'D BETTER CHECK ON THEM!
A FEW MILES UP THE ROAD...
DID YOU NOTICE THE OTHER TWO HUNG BACK IN THE SHADOWS?
YEAH, AND THE WAY THE FIRST ONE CLUTCHED THAT PACKAGE! THERE'S THEIR CAR NOW-- A CADDIE!
LOOK, A DOCTOR'S BAG! NONE OF 'EM IS A DOC-- I'M SURE!
I'LL BET THEY STOLE IT! LET'S RIDE IN AND TELL THE SHERIFF! HE'LL HAVE A RECORD OF THE LICENSE PLATE!
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS....
...WE WERE KIND OF WORRIED, SAM, SO WE THOUGHT...
YOU WERE RIGHT! THAT CAR IS THE ONE THAT WAS HI-JACKED AT THE LOUISVILLE FREIGHT YARD YESTERDAY. WHERE DID YOU SAY THE CAR WAS?
ON CLEMENT ROAD, NEAR GOWER FARM!
GOOD! JOE, ROUND UP A POSSE! WE'RE GOIN' AFTER THOSE THUGS!... HOW WOULD YOU BOYS LIKE TO BE SWORN IN AS DEPUTIES?
A HALF HOUR LATER ON CLEMENT ROAD AS THE THREE PLOD BACK TO THEIR CAR WITH GAS....
DON'T SLOW DOWN, JOE. GO RIGHT BY 'EM!
LOOK! THE LEADER IS CARRYIN' A GUN! I KNEW IT!
THREE QUARTERS OF A MILE FURTHER UP THE ROAD....
TURN THE CAR SO THAT IT FACES THEM, JOE, THEN TURN OUT THE LIGHTS. STAY BEHIND THE WHEEL, AN' WHEN YOU SEE 'EM COMING, TURN 'EM ON!
WHAT A SPOT FOR AN AMBUSH. THE STOLEN CAR IS ABOUT TWO HUNDRED YARDS FURTHER ON!
PBI-11

GET INTO THE DITCHES ON EACH SIDE OF THE ROAD. WHEN THEY GET HERE WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL. NO SHOOTIN' UNLESS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY!
OKAY, CHIEF!
A LITTLE LATER...
WHERE ARE THEY? MAYBE THEY GOT WISE!
SHH! LISTEN! THEY'RE COMIN'...
SUDDENLY THE GLARE OF HEADLIGHTS ILLUMINATES THE DARK ROAD...
WHAT THE...!?
DON'T MOVE, ANY OF YOU! WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED!
RUN! I'LL FIX THOSE GUYS!...TURN OUT THOSE LIGHTS OR I'LL BLAST THE LOT OF YOU!
LET HIM HAVE IT, BOYS!
YOU DIRTY, ROTTEN.... UNHHHHH!
WE GIVE UP! WE GIVE UP!
TAKE THEM BACK TO THE CAR. ONE OF YOU OPEN THAT PACKAGE. IT MIGHT BE LOOT!
RIGHT, CHIEF!
SECONDS LATER...
WHEW! HIGH EXPLOSIVES! IF ONE OF OUR BULLETS HAD EVER HIT THAT!?...
YEAH! AND THE RAT KNEW IT! HE DIED HOPING WE'D ALL GO WITH HIM!
SO ENDED THE MURDEROUS CAREER OF LEACH McCOY. HIS PALS WERE GIVEN LIFE SENTENCES, AND ONE MORE VICTORY WAS CHALKED UP FOR JUSTICE IN THE WAR AGAINST CRIME...
-THE END-

JUANITA PEREZ

THE GYPSY KILLER!

GYPSY THIEF, EMBEZZLING CLERK, DANCE HALL GIRL, GUN TOTING GANG LOOKOUT, DOPE PUSHER, CORRUPT WARD ASSISTANT, UNDERWORLD QUEEN--THE CAREER OF THIS THRILL CRAZED MURDERESS SEEMS INCREDIBLE! BUT THESE WERE ONLY A FEW OF THE NEFARIOUS ACTIVITIES IN WHICH SHE ENGAGED! LIKE ALL CRIMINALS, JUANITA PEREZ HAD HER LIFE ALL MAPPED OUT FOR HER--A LIFE THAT WOULD LEAD HER STRAIGHT TO THE PENITENTIARY AND EVENTUALLY TO--DEATH!

O.K., JUANITA! YOUR PALS ARE GONE! YOU'D BETTER GIVE UP NOW!

NEVER! JUANITA NEVER GIVES UP! I HAVE ONE SHELL LEFT, LIEUTENANT! WHO'S GOING TO FIRE FIRST?

ON OCT. 3, 1922 IN THE SWAMP LANDS OF FLORIDA, WHERE A ROVING TRIBE OF GYPSIES HAD SETTLED TEMPORARILY...

YAAAAH! NOW YOU WILL DO AS I SAY!

SHE WILL BE A SPITFIRE SOMEDAY!

SI! SHE IS A BAD ONE!

THIS WAS JUANITA PEREZ, THIRTEEN YEARS OLD, AND ALREADY THE LEADER OF THE TRIBE'S URCHINS. SHE HAD GROWN WORLDLY-WISE MUCH TOO SOON!

BUT, QUERIDA--I COULD ONLY STEAL THESE EARRINGS!

NOT ENOUGH! *STEAL MORE FOR ME!*

BY THE TIME SHE WAS SEVENTEEN, JUANITA HAD BECOME AN ACCOMPLISHED PETTY THIEF...
MONEY IS MISSING FROM OUR TENTS. TAKE YOUR THINGS AND GO!
HAH! GLADLY!
JUANITA TOOK A JOB IN AN INDUSTRIAL PLANT IN A LARGE SOUTHERN CITY---
UMM... WHO IS THAT GIRL, HUTCHINS?
I'LL FIND OUT FOR YOU, SIR!
AND SOON, THE BEAUTIFUL GYPSY HAD WHAT SHE WANTED—
YOU'VE TORTURED ME FOR MONTHS! I'LL GIVE ANYTHING... TO WIN YOU!
WITH MONEY, WE COULD GO TO SOUTH AMERICA!
SHE WAS DESTINED TO BE FATAL TO THOSE AROUND HER... THE HARRIED MAN EMBEZZLED THE COMPANY'S FUNDS, AND RUSHED TO HER APARTMENT...
I.. I GOT IT! ALL SET!
YES, HONEY! ALL SET!
WHA--! NO-- UGH-HH!
PLEASANT DREAMS, SUCKER!
SO, JUANITA PEREZ JOURNIED TO NEW ORLEANS, WHERE HER ILL-GOTTEN GAINS SOON VANISHED IN RIOTOUS LIVING...
I NEED A JOB, JACQUES! HOW ABOUT IT?
SURE! WE ALWAYS NEED ANOTHER HOSTESS! HA, HA!
AS A DANCE-HALL HOSTESS JUANITA MET THE DREGS OF SOCIETY... AMONG THEM WAS ED REILLY, A LOCAL HOOD.
YOU CAN BE REAL CLASS, BABY! STICK WITH ME — AN' GET RICH!
MAYBE I WILL, HONEY...

JUANITA'S MAYBE MEANT YES! THE VIGNON GANG--A VICIOUS GROUP OF CUT-THROATS, INITIATED HER IN TYPICAL STYLE...

THIS HERE'S YOUR ROD, SUGAR!

I EVEN LIKE THE FEEL OF IT, ED!

THEN, ON JUNE 15, 1942, AT A LARGE DEPARTMENT STORE...

ALL CLEAR, BOYS!

GOOD! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

JUANITA BECAME THE LOOKOUT FOR THE GANG! ROBBERY FOLLOWED ROBBERY... AND THE GYPSY GIRL BEGAN TO USE HER GUN...

BUT, ON NOVEMBER 14, THE AUTHORITIES CLOSED IN ON MISS PEREZ AND HER FRIENDS.

ALL RIGHT MEN--LIVELY NOW! COVER ALL EXITS!

YAAA-AH! COME AN' GET US, COPPERS! PASS ME SOME MORE CLIPS, JUANITA!

SURE, HERE!

THESE CHARACTERS ARE THROUGH! I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE!

HEY--WHERE YA GOING? *JUANITA!*

SO LONG, ED! IT WAS NICE WHILE IT LASTED! TOO BAD IT HAD TO END UP LIKE THIS!

COME BACK, YA @#*:*!!

YAAAAA-AAH!

I'VE LEARNED A LESSON! I'LL NEVER MAKE ONE PLACE MY HIDEOUT AGAIN...

NEEDLESS TO SAY, JUANITA ESCAPED! WEEKS LATER SHE ARRIVED IN NEW YORK CITY--PLAYING NOW STRICTLY FOR BIG TIME...
YOUR SUITE IS READY, MISS--?
POLLARD... JANET POLLARD! THANK YOU!
AND LATER...
DA BOSS WANTS TA SEE YUH!
HE WORKS FAST! I TOLD HIM I WAS COMING HERE!
THEY ESCORTED JUANITA TO A SUMPTUOUS LAYOUT...
JUANITA PEREZ! GLAD TO SEE YOU IN TOWN! THINGS ROUGH IN ORLEANS?
NOT ENOUGH TO STOP ME! AND THE NAME'S JANET POLLARD!
SWELL! I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU FOR SOME TIME! HOW ABOUT JOINING MY ORGANIZATION?
THAT'S WHY I'M HERE! NO MORE PEANUTS FOR ME! I WANT IN---
JUANITA GOT HER IN--AS ONE OF THE ASSISTANTS IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF DOPE PACKAGES TO FEMALE DOPE "PUSHERS"...
LAST BATCH, GIRLS! SEE THAT WE GET GOOD RETURNS ON IT!
YOU JUST LEAVE IT TO US, DEARIE! HEE, HEE!
SHE BEGAN TO BUILD UP HER OWN DOPE EMPIRE! IN BAR-ROOMS, DANCE-HALLS, COFFEE HOUSES, NIGHT SPOTS -- AND THOSE WHO CROSSED HER ONLY DID IT ONCE...
I...I DIDN'T TELL THE POLICE! I---OH-H-H-H!
YOU DIRTY SQUEALER!
SLAP!
YOU WANTED OUT--BUT YOU CAN NEVER GET AWAY FROM THE WEED HABIT--IT EATS INTO YOU--YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE IT! WELL--YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET IT! YOU'LL SUFFER--BEFORE THE BOYS TAKE CARE OF YOU! HA, HA...

JUANITA'S INFLUENCE SPREADS LIKE THE UGLY TENTACLES OF AN OCTOPUS! TEMPTING, DEGRADING, MURDERING NEW VICTIMS VIA THE NIGHTMARISH HORROR OF DOPE...

THE SYNDICATE PROMOTED HER! SHE WAS FEARED AND HELD IN HIGH ESTEEM BY THE UNDERWORLD FOR HER BRAINS AND HER RUTHLESS CRUELTY!

B- BUT BOSS--

NO EXCUSES! EITHER MADDEN PAYS OFF, OR ELSE!

BUT IN A CRACK-DOWN BY POLICE OFFICIALS, THE SYNDICATE WAS BROKEN! SO JANE POLLARD WENT TO THE SEASHORE FOR HER "HEALTH"!

THAT DREADFUL SITUATION IS FINALLY OVER!

THEY SAY THE GUILTY ONES HAVE BEEN ARRESTED!

BUT TONY ARROLA, SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE SYNDICATE, TOOK OVER THE CITY'S RACKETS SOON AFTERWARDS -- AND WITH HIM WAS -- MISS POLLARD!

AW, COME ON, BABY! -- HIC -- JUS' ONE LITTLE KISS --!

GET AWAY, DISGUSTING!

WHY YOU, I'LL--

YOU'LL DO NOTHING!

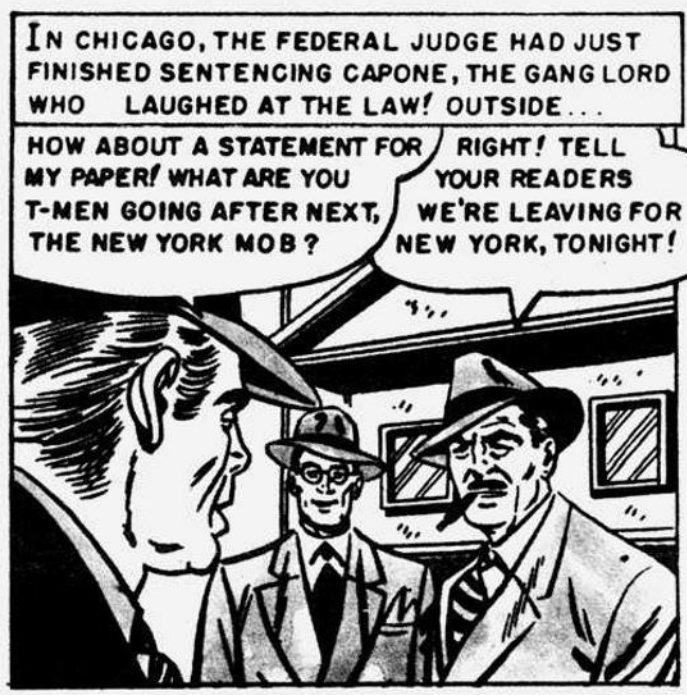
WHAT HAPPENED? IT'S THE BOSS -- YOU'VE KILLED HIM!

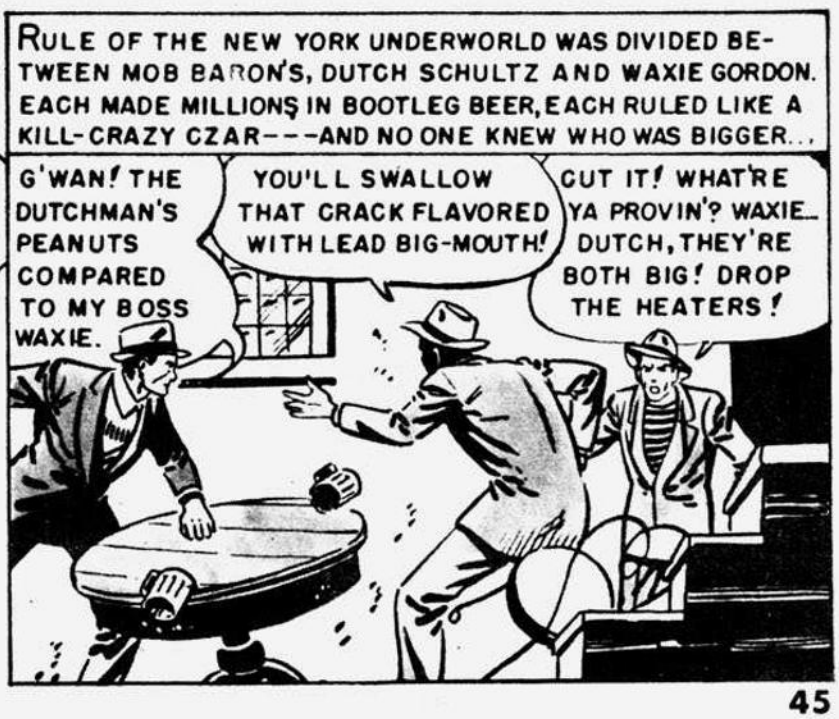
SHUT UP! CALL THE OTHERS -- AND GET RID OF THIS! *I'M TAKING OVER!*

AMID DISSENSION, JUANITA QUICKLY PROVED HER CRIMINAL GENIUS. HUGE BETTING AND DOPE SYNDICATES WERE SET UP. SHE BOUGHT CORRUPT GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS. HER GANGS INFILTRATED INTO THE SPORTS RACKETS...

SHE ENTERED HIGH SOCIETY AND HAD HERSELF PUBLICIZED AS A "GOOD CITIZEN." SHE DONATED TO CHARITIES FOR NEEDY ORGANIZATIONS...
---SO PLEASE CONTRIBUTE ALL YOU CAN! THANK YOU!
I'VE SEEN HER BEFORE. NO--SHE CAN'T BE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
AMONG THE GUESTS WAS I.R. MOODY, A LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER FROM NEW ORLEANS. IT WAS PURE CHANCE THAT HE RECOGNIZED JUANITA PEREZ--BUT IN HER APARTMENT THE NEXT DAY...
I CALLED YOU BECAUSE--WHA--?
GET YOUR HANDS UP! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
THE FEDS! HOW? WHAT?
NEVER MIND, HOW! QUICK! OUT THE BACK WAY!
BAM!
BANG!
BANG!
JUANITA PEREZ'S LIEUTENANTS WERE SUBDUED IMMEDIATELY. AND AS FOR THEIR BEAUTIFUL LEADER...
WHY DOESN'T THIS LOAD START UP? COME ON--COME ON--!
BANG
BANG
RRRR...RRRR...RRRRR!
SURRENDER, JUANITA! YOU'RE CORNERED!
I'LL SEE YOU ALL DEAD FIRST, COPPERS!
CLICK! CLICK!
GRAB HER, MEN! HER MASQUERADING IS OVER!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'M JANE POLLARD! DO YOU HEAR ME? LET ME GO!
STEP QUIETLY, YOU!
AND ON SEPTEMBER 19, 1950, JUANITA PEREZ WAITED FOR THE SENTENCE THAT WAS TO DOOM HER FOREVER TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT!--THUS ENDING THE CAREER OF THE GYPSY KILLER--ANOTHER AMBITIOUS, WOULD-BE FEMALE CAPONE!
END

Waxie Gordon!





IT'S BAD, JOE...BAD! DUTCH VERSUS WAXIE...THE MOB BOYS ARE GETTIN' JUMPY! IT CAN'T KEEP ON THIS WAY! THERE'S MORE THAN BEER BREWIN' IN THE RACKETS..TROUBLE'S BREWIN'!
TROUBLE WAS BREWING! SUDDENLY IT CAME TO A HEAD...
WHAT IN...? HI-JACKERS! DUTCH SCHULTZ'S MOB! STEP ON IT!
POUR IT INTO WAXIE'S WEASELS. THIS IS ONE LOAD WAXIE WON'T SELL!
ZIGZAG! THEY'RE FIGURING TO CUT US OFF!
WATCH THEM FALLIN' BARRELS. NOW GIVE 'ER THE INK--PASS.
I...I CAN'T KEEP AHEAD...AHHHH!
TAKE IT, JERKS, COMPLIMENTS OF DUTCH SCHULTZ!
IN WAXIE'S SWANK TIMES SQUARE OFFICE, SOON AFTER...
THE DUTCHMAN'S BOY'S. THEY JUST HI-JACKED A WHOLE LOAD, WAXIE!
SO SCHULTZ'S IS ON THE MUSCLE! HMM... WE WON'T TAKE THIS. CALL IN THE BOYS AND...EH?
SSH! TWO FEDS, BOSS --WAITING OUTSIDE! THEY WON'T GO AWAY!
THE (GULP)...F...FEDS? OH MIGAWSH, WHAT'LL WE DO?
DO ASK THEM IN! WE CAN'T KEEP UNCLE SAM WAITING!
GORDON, YOU'RE MAKING MILLIONS! HOW COME YOU'VE PAID LESS THAN $100 IN TAXES IN THE LAST THREE YEARS?
LOOK, BOYS! I KEEP NO BOOKS AND I NEVER SIGNED A CHECK IN MY LIFE! WHEN YOU GET FIGURES TOGETHER THAT PROVE SOMETHING, COME BACK! I'LL BE GLAD TO TALK TO YOU.

AFTER THE T-MEN LEAVE...
YOU PUT ON A GREAT ACT, WAXIE, BUT THOSE SAME FEDS JUST PUT CAPONE AWAY! HE DIDN'T SIGN NOTHIN', NEITHER! WE GOTTA... OOOF!
GREAT ACT? WHY YOU YELLOW BELLIED SAP, I'M NOT SCARED! GET THE BOYS! I'M GOING AFTER DUTCH SCHULTZ!
LATER...
WE'LL TEACH THAT CRAZY DUTCHMAN HE DON'T RUN THIS TOWN! HI-JACK ALL HIS TRUCKS! IF THEY FIGHT, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!
YUH HEARD THE BOSS, BOYS. BREEZE!
AN HOUR LATER, OUTSIDE SCHULTZ'S MANHATTAN BREWERY...
FOLLOW THOSE TRUCKS! WE'LL TAKE HIS WHOLE CONVOY, OVER BY THE RIVER!
HOLY...! WAXIE'S MOB! I... YAA!
GIVE IT TO THE PUNKS!
RAT TAT TAT!
WATCH IT! HI-JACKERS... OHH!
REGARDS TO THE DUTCHMAN!
RAT A TAT-TAT!
TRUCK AFTER TRUCK OF DUTCH SCHULTZ WAS TAKEN... ALL OVER THE CITY, THAT DAY!
LOOK OUT! BACK UP--IT'S A TRAP!
TOO LATE! I...
THAT NIGHT, IN THE HOBOKEN BREWERY'S GARAGE...
THIS MAKES FORTY TRUCKS WE 'JACKED TODAY, WAXIE.
GOOD WORK, BOYS! THIS OUGHT TO TEACH SCHULTZ TO STAY HOME IN THE BRONX.

AND WHEN THE NEWS REACHED SCHULTZ... WHAT? YOU MUST BE OUT OF YOUR MIND! WHAT DO YA MEAN COMIN' IN HERE, TELLIN' ME STUFF LIKE THAT! WHY, I'LL...

EASY, DUTCH! S-SOMEBODY HAD TO TELL YOU! (CHOKE)... YOU'RE STRANGLING ME!

GET ME LONG DISTANCE! CHICAGO! I'LL SHOW THAT RAT! I'LL BRING IN A HUNDRED CHI TORPEDOS! TWO HUNDRED! I'LL WIPE WAXIE GORDON DOWN TO A SMEAR!

WHILE IN THE FEDERAL BUILDING... DISGUSTING, ISN'T IT? HERE WE SIT, FIGURING... FIGURING TO BUILD A CASE, WHILE WAXIE KEEPS RIGHT ON GROWING BIGGER!

CHIN UP, BUD! WE GOT CAPONE THIS WAY, DIDN'T WE? REMEMBER THE DEPARTMENT MOTTO: FACTS FIRST, THEN MOVE!

SEVEN DAYS LATER, ON APRIL 12TH, IN AN ELIZABETH, N.J. HOTEL... WHO KNOCKED? EEYAH!

REGARDS FROM DUTCH, MAX! NOW FOR WAXIE, WE KNOW HE'S INSIDE!

I... I'M DONE FOR, WAXIE! LAM IT! I... I'LL HOLD THEM... OHH!

KICK HIM LOOSE! SMACK HIM OFF THAT DOOR! WAXIE'S GETTING AWAY!

AN HOUR LATER... IMPORT OUT OF TOWN TRIGGERS TO GET ME, WILL HE? TWO CAN PLAY THAT GAME! I'LL BRING IN MURRAY MOLL FROM ST. LOUIS!

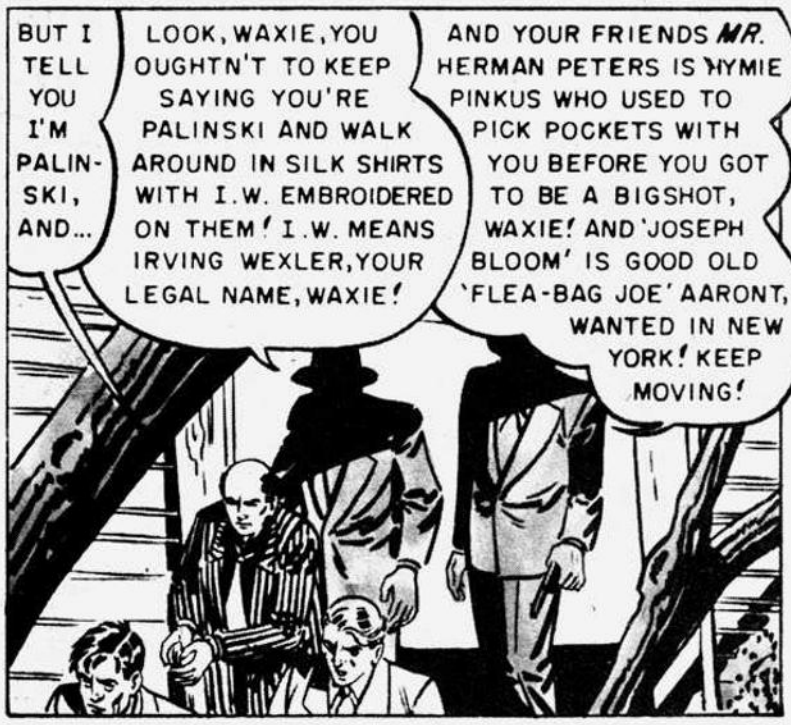
PERFECT, WAXIE! MOLL'S THE TOP TORPEDO IN THE COUNTRY TODAY!

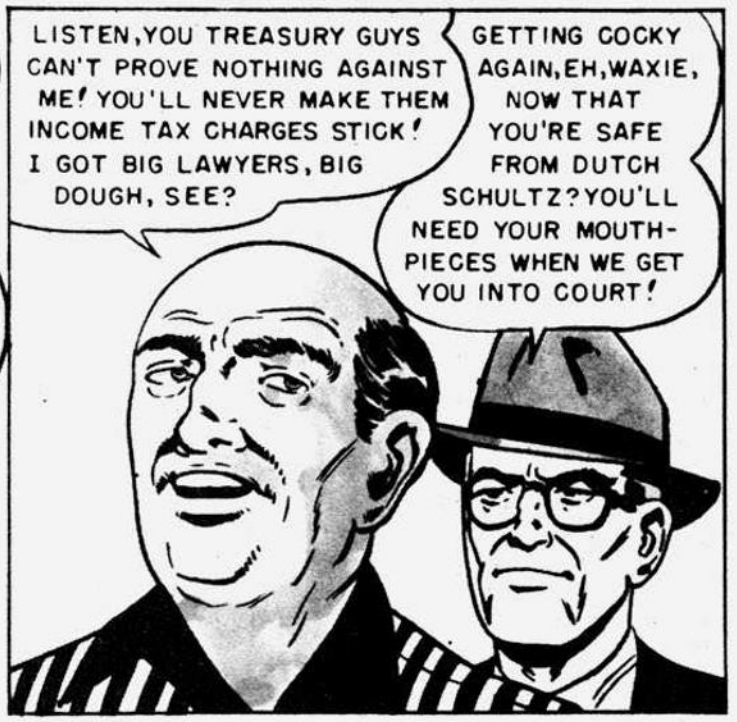
AND WHEN THE ACE GANGLAND EXECUTIONER, MURRAY MOLL, ARRIVED... YOU WANT SCHULTZ, WAXIE? UMM... YOU KNOW THAT CRAZY DUTCHMAN'S CHICKEN! I'LL HAVE TO BLAST THROUGH HIS BODYGUARDS! THIS'LL COME HIGH, WAXIE...

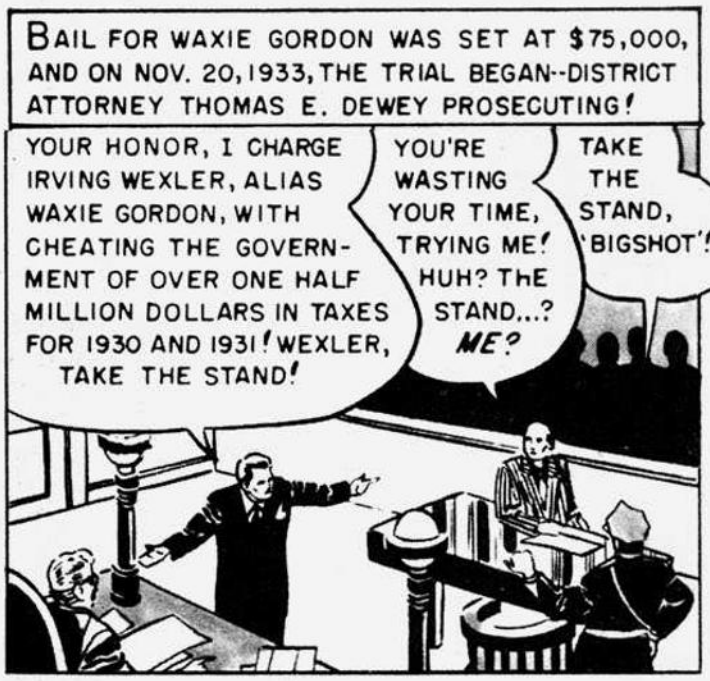
HOW'S TWO GEE'S IN ADVANCE, MURRY? NAIL HIM, AND I'LL DOUBLE THAT!

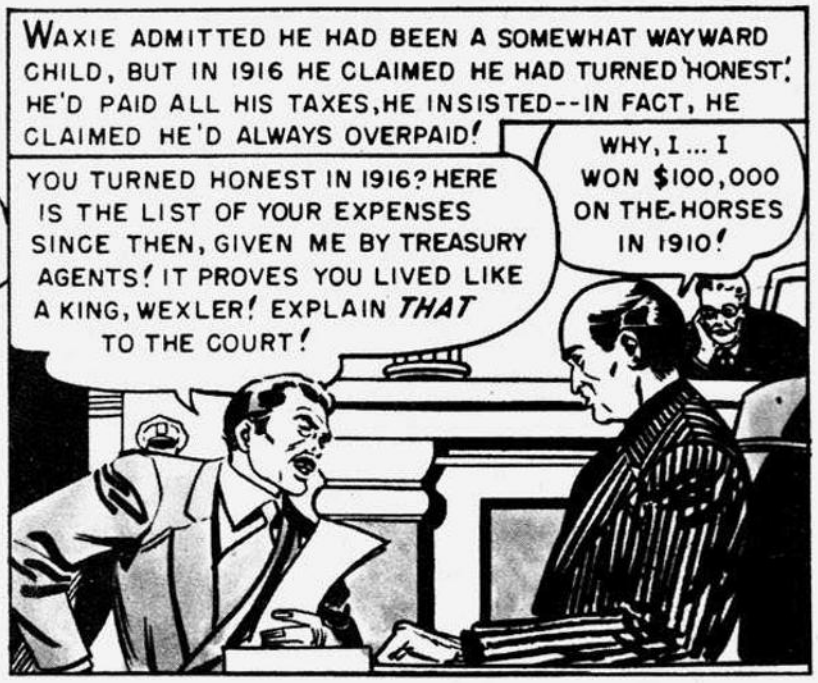
TWO NIGHTS LATER, IN THE BRONX...
WHA...? MURRAY MOLL! YEOWW! SAVE ME, BOYS!
SAVE YOUR BREATH, SCHULTZ! YOUR BOYS CAN'T HELP YOU NOW!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, HICK! THIS AIN'T ST. LOUIS, THIS IS THE BIG TOWN! BLAST HIM!
WAXIE, TERRIBLE NEWS! THEY JUST GOT MOLL!
THAT AIN'T THE HALF OF IT! I BEEN INDICTED BY THE GRAND JURY! I'M BLOWING THIS PLACE!
THAT SAME DAY...
GONE! HE'S TAKEN IT ON THE LAM!
BY NOW HE'S ON THE LAM FROM PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY! ALERT ALL LOCAL POLICE OFFICIALS! WE'LL NEED HELP TO CATCH THAT SLIPPERY LITTLE RAT!
TEN DAYS LATER...
ATTENTION, FEDERAL OFFICERS, CAR 29! CATSKILL MOUNTAIN SHERIFF REPORTS SUSPICIOUS SPEED BOAT ACTIVE AT NIGHT ON WHITE LAKE! THIS MAY BE YOUR MAN!
WAXIE USED TO VACATION IN BETHEL! THAT'S RIGHT NEAR WHITE LAKE! LET'S GO!
THERE'S THAT SPEEDBOAT! IT'S KIND OF LATE FOR JOY-RIDING! FOLLOW HIM! IT'S WORTH CHECKING!
THIS MAY BE A WILD-GOOSE CHASE, BUT IT CALLS FOR A CLOSER LOOK!
LOCALS UP HERE DON'T STAY UP THIS LATE! LET'S MOVE IN ON THE HOUSE.

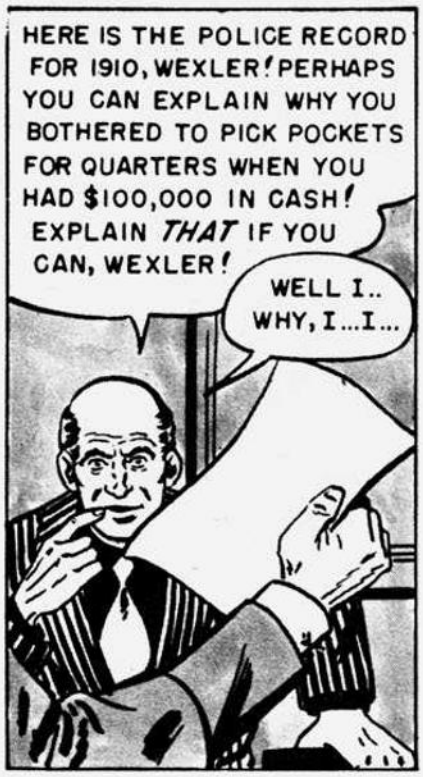
BUT AS THE T-MEN STALK CLOSER...
OOF! THAT DID IT! I MADE ENOUGH NOISE TO WAKE UP THE DEAD...
QUIET! LOOK AT THE HOUSE NOW! DARK, EVERY LIGHT SNAPPED OUT!
HONEST PEOPLE MAY STAY UP LATE, BUT THEY DON'T DOUSE THEIR LIGHTS WHEN THEY HEAR A NOISE! LET'S GET IN CLOSER!
LOOK OUT! THEY'VE OPENED FIRE! GIVE IT TO THEM!
I'LL CUT OFF THEIR ESCAPE, AROUND IN BACK!
WE'RE TREASURY AGENTS, WAXIE! DROP YOUR GUNS! COME OUT PEACEFULLY! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE!
BLAST THEM!
THEY'VE CUT US OFF FROM THE SPEEDBOAT! MUST BE A DOZEN OF THEM!
MAKE THEM EARN THEIR PAY! YOU HEARD WAXIE'S ORDERS! WE DON'T SELL OURSELVES OUT CHEAP!
BUT HOODLUM BRAGGADACIO SOON WILTED IN THE FACE OF THE DEADLY T-MEN'S FIRE...
THEY GOT ME, WAXIE... AYAHH...
W...WHAT'LL I DO, WHAT'LL I DO? HELP ME, BOYS... HELP ME! EVERYBODY'S AGAINST ME!
ONLY TWO OF MY BOYS LEFT! T...THEY'RE RIGHT! I... I HAVEN'T A CHANCE!
WE'RE COMING IN, WAXIE!
DON'T SHOOT! I AIN'T WAXIE GORDON! I'M WILLIAM PALINSKI...IN THE TOBACCO BUSINESS! THEM'S MY FRIENDS, JOSEPH BLOOM AND HERMAN PETERS!
FINE! WE'RE TAKING YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS TO JAIL! 'CUFF THEM, BILL!


BUT I TELL YOU I'M PALINSKI, AND...
LOOK, WAXIE, YOU OUGHTN'T TO KEEP SAYING YOU'RE PALINSKI AND WALK AROUND IN SILK SHIRTS WITH I.W. EMBROIDERED ON THEM! I.W. MEANS IRVING WEXLER, YOUR LEGAL NAME, WAXIE!
AND YOUR FRIENDS MR. HERMAN PETERS IS HYMIE PINKUS WHO USED TO PICK POCKETS WITH YOU BEFORE YOU GOT TO BE A BIGSHOT, WAXIE! AND 'JOSEPH BLOOM' IS GOOD OLD 'FLEA-BAG JOE' AARONT, WANTED IN NEW YORK! KEEP MOVING!

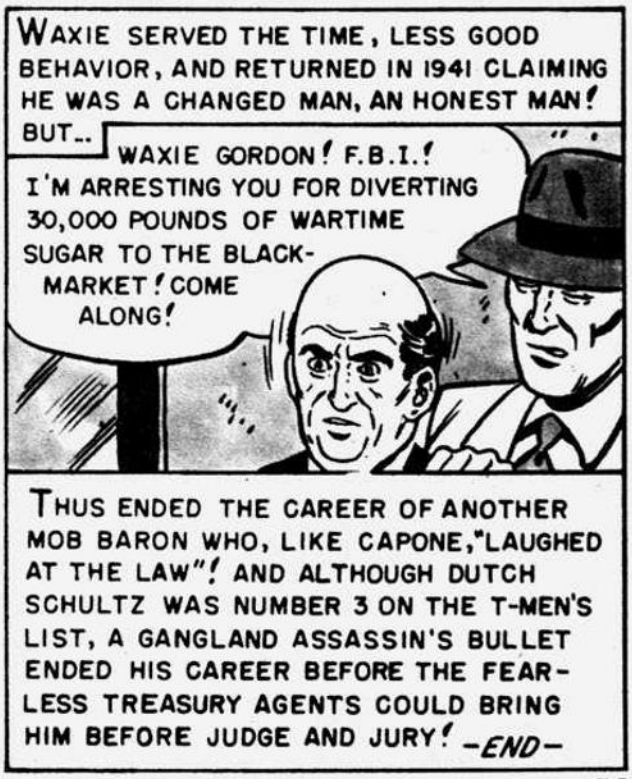

LISTEN, YOU TREASURY GUYS CAN'T PROVE NOTHING AGAINST ME! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE THEM INCOME TAX CHARGES STICK! I GOT BIG LAWYERS, BIG DOUGH, SEE?
GETTING COCKY AGAIN, EH, WAXIE, NOW THAT YOU'RE SAFE FROM DUTCH SCHULTZ? YOU'LL NEED YOUR MOUTHPIECES WHEN WE GET YOU INTO COURT!


BAIL FOR WAXIE GORDON WAS SET AT $75,000, AND ON NOV. 20, 1933, THE TRIAL BEGAN--DISTRICT ATTORNEY THOMAS E. DEWEY PROSECUTING!
YOUR HONOR, I CHARGE IRVING WEXLER, ALIAS WAXIE GORDON, WITH CHEATING THE GOVERNMENT OF OVER ONE HALF MILLION DOLLARS IN TAXES FOR 1930 AND 1931! WEXLER, TAKE THE STAND!
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, TRYING ME! HUH? THE STAND...? ME?
TAKE THE STAND, 'BIGSHOT'!


WAXIE ADMITTED HE HAD BEEN A SOMEWHAT WAYWARD CHILD, BUT IN 1916 HE CLAIMED HE HAD TURNED 'HONEST'. HE'D PAID ALL HIS TAXES, HE INSISTED--IN FACT, HE CLAIMED HE'D ALWAYS OVERPAID!
YOU TURNED HONEST IN 1916? HERE IS THE LIST OF YOUR EXPENSES SINCE THEN, GIVEN ME BY TREASURY AGENTS! IT PROVES YOU LIVED LIKE A KING, WEXLER! EXPLAIN THAT TO THE COURT!
WHY, I... I WON $100,000 ON THE HORSES IN 1910!


HERE IS THE POLICE RECORD FOR 1910, WEXLER! PERHAPS YOU CAN EXPLAIN WHY YOU BOTHERED TO PICK POCKETS FOR QUARTERS WHEN YOU HAD $100,000 IN CASH! EXPLAIN THAT IF YOU CAN, WEXLER!
WELL I.. WHY, I... I...

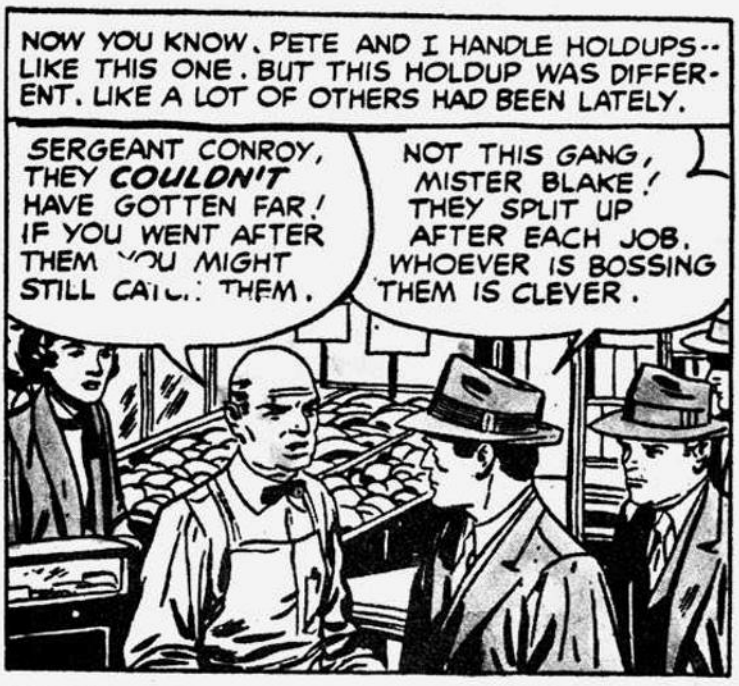
IT TOOK THE JURY ONLY 40 MINUTES TO FIND WAXIE GORDON GUILTY ON ALL COUNTS, THAT DAY IN LATE 1933!
I SENTENCE YOU TO TEN YEARS IN PRISON, PLUS A $20,000 FINE, PLUS ALL COURT COSTS! TAKE THIS MAN AWAY!


WAXIE SERVED THE TIME, LESS GOOD BEHAVIOR, AND RETURNED IN 1941 CLAIMING HE WAS A CHANGED MAN, AN HONEST MAN! BUT..
WAXIE GORDON! F.B.I.! I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR DIVERTING 30,000 POUNDS OF WARTIME SUGAR TO THE BLACK-MARKET! COME ALONG!
THUS ENDED THE CAREER OF ANOTHER MOB BARON WHO, LIKE CAPONE, "LAUGHED AT THE LAW"! AND ALTHOUGH DUTCH SCHULTZ WAS NUMBER 3 ON THE T-MEN'S LIST, A GANGLAND ASSASSIN'S BULLET ENDED HIS CAREER BEFORE THE FEARLESS TREASURY AGENTS COULD BRING HIM BEFORE JUDGE AND JURY! -END-

SOMETHING ABOUT THIS CASE WAS PUZZLING AND I FELT THE ANSWER WAS RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME. BUT UNTIL I FOUND THAT ANSWER, I COULD NEVER SMASH THE GANG WE POLICE CALLED...

The MASQUERADERS

EVERYTHING'S GOING JUST LIKE IT SHOULD. GET RID OF THE MASK.
CHECK!


NOW YOU KNOW, PETE AND I HANDLE HOLDUPS--LIKE THIS ONE. BUT THIS HOLDUP WAS DIFFERENT. LIKE A LOT OF OTHERS HAD BEEN LATELY.
SERGEANT CONROY, THEY COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR! IF YOU WENT AFTER THEM YOU MIGHT STILL CATCH THEM.
NOT THIS GANG, MISTER BLAKE! THEY SPLIT UP AFTER EACH JOB. WHOEVER IS BOSSING THEM IS CLEVER.

WE CAN'T EVEN GET AN IDENTIFICATION! THEY WEAR MASKS AND HAVE NEVER LEFT A CLUE!
UNTIL NOW! SERGEANT, LOOK AT THIS! THESE PEOPLE TOLD US ONE OF THE GANG WAS WEARING IT! HE MUST HAVE DROPPED IT!

LATER, AT THE POUCE LAB...
NOTHING SPECIAL ABOUT THE HANDKERCHIEF ITSELF, SERGEANT. BUT THE LAUNDRY MARK SHOULD BE A LEAD...

AFTER A VISIT TO A DOWNTOWN LAUNDRY, WE TOOK ANOTHER RIDE...
ACCORDING TO THE GIRL AT THE LAUNDRY, THAT HANDKERCHIEF CAME FROM THIS BOARDING HOUSE. BUT—EVERYONE IN THE HOUSE HAS THE SAME LAUNDRY NUMBER--THE LANDLADY SENDS ALL THE LAUNDRY OUT IN ONE BUNCH.

WELL, AT LEAST WE KNOW SOMEONE IN THE MOB LIVES HERE, AND--
AND WHOEVER THAT SOMEONE IS—DOESN'T LIKE US! LOOK!

I SEE HIM! HE MUST HAVE SPOTTED OUR CAR!
HE'S STILL GOT A WAY TO CLIMB BEFORE HE GETS TO THE ROOF— IF WE USE THE STAIRS WE MIGHT GET HIM!
HERE HE COMES!
HOLD YOUR FIRE! WE WANT HIM ALIVE! WAIT!
NOW!
IT SEEMED SIMPLE. THE MAN WAS JOE DAVIS AND IN HIS ROOM IN THE BOARDING HOUSE WE FOUND PLENTY..
THIS GUN WAS FOUND IN YOUR ROOM, DAVIS! IS IT YOURS OR NOT?
NO! IT ISN'T! I TOLD YOU! I'M AN EX-CON. I'M ON PAROLE! WHEN I SPOTTED YOU OUTSIDE I PANICKED AND RAN! BUT I'M CLEAN!
I DON'T BELONG TO ANY MOB! I'M GOING STRAIGHT!
HE'S LEVELLING, FRANK. THAT WAS HIS PAROLE OFFICER. DAVIS WAS AT WORK AT THE TIME THAT LAST JOB WAS PULLED! I'D SAY SOMEONE HERE PLANTED THAT GUN IN HIS ROOM.
SOMEONE! ONLY THERE WERE TEN PEOPLE LIVING IN THAT HOUSE, AND THEY WEREN'T TOO COOPERATIVE!
REALLY, SERGEANT! I'M NOT YOUR MAN! I CAN'T EVEN LEAVE THIS WHEELCHAIR! YOU CAN CHECK--
WE WILL, MISTER FIELDS.
WE CHECKED 'EM OUT AND GOT— NOTHING.
ALEX FIELDS? YES, HERE WE ARE. CONFINED TO WHEELCHAIR. CANNOT WALK...
I KNOW DAVIS IS ON PAROLE. BUT WE LIKE HIM— AND WE'LL VOUCH FOR HIM!

IT DIDN'T ADD UP. SOMETHING ABOUT THIS CASE BOTHERED ME. AS IF I'D OVERLOOKED SOMETHING. BUT IN THE MEANTIME, I HAD EVERY SUPERMARKET IN TOWN STAKED OUT. AND IT PAID OFF.
DAN! LOOK! HEADQUARTERS WAS RIGHT! THE MOB DID HIT ANOTHER MARKET...
THEY'VE SPOTTED US! THEY'RE TAKING OFF!
YEAH! ONLY THIS TIME THERE WON'T BE ANY CLEAN GETAWAY, 'CAUSE WE'RE STAYING RIGHT WITH THEM!
WE'VE GOT 'EM! THEIR DRIVER MUST HAVE GOTTEN RATTLED! THAT'S A BLIND ALLEY HE'S TURNING INTO!
AT THE END IT WAS SIMPLE. A BLIND ALLEY—AND TWO COPS. THAT WAS ALL IT TOOK...
COME OUT! YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!
ALL-ALL RIGHT! WE-WE'RE COMING! DON'T SHOOT!
WE GOT THE MOB. ONLY—WE DIDN'T GET THE MAN WE WERE AFTER!
SMALL FRY! EVERY ONE OF THEM! JUST A BUNCH OF CHEAP HOODLUMS. WHOEVER THE BOSS IS—HE GOT AWAY!
EITHER THAT, OR HE WAS TOO SMART TO GO ALONG ON THIS JOB. IF HE'S ONE OF THE PEOPLE AT THE BOARDING HOUSE HE KNOWS WE'RE WATCHING IT!
I KNOW THE MAN WE WANT IS LIVING IN THAT BOARDING HOUSE! BUT SOMETHING KEEPS BOTHERING ME—SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T FIT! ONLY—WHAT?

WHAT?! THAT WAS THE QUESTION. WE WENT BACK, WE SEARCHED AGAIN, WE ASKED QUESTIONS...
SERGEANT, YOU'VE BEEN GOING OVER AND OVER THE SAME THINGS! YOU MUST SEE THAT NONE OF US IS GUILTY!
I SEE NOTHING OF THE KIND! SOMEONE DROPPED THAT HANDKERCHIEF! SOMEONE PLANTED THAT GUN IN DAVIS' ROOM!
TWO WEEKS, THREE, AND I WAS JUST ABOUT LICKED. BUT—IT'S A FUNNY THING ABOUT BEING RIGHT. SOONER OR LATER, YOU KNOW IT.
PETE, I'M JUST ABOUT LICKED. WE KNOW THAT ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE WAS THE HEAD OF THE MASQUERADE MOB! BUT WHICH ONE? IF I COULD ONLY FIGURE OUT WHAT KEEPS BOTHERING ME...
KEEP THINKING ABOUT IT, FRANK, AND YOU'LL BLOW A FUSE! MAYBE IT'S ALL JUST IN YOUR IMAGINATION.
MAYBE. I'M BEGINNING TO THINK SO MYSELF! IF THERE IS ANYTHING, I CAN'T THINK OF IT--
OR—CAN I! PETE—I THINK I'VE GOT IT! I THINK I KNOW WHO WE'RE AFTER!
AT THE POLICE ACADEMY THEY TEACH YOU TO THINK AND I HADN'T BEEN THINKING—BUT NOW I WAS. PETE AND I DROVE DOWNTOWN!
YOU'RE ACCUSING—ME? WHY—I CAN'T EVEN WALK! YOU CAN CALL MY DOCTOR!
YOUR DOCTOR VERIFIED YOUR STORY. HE DOES HAVE A PATIENT NAMED ALEX FIELDS-- WHO CAN'T LEAVE HIS WHEELCHAIR.
ONLY YOU'RE NOT THAT PATIENT! YOU JUST BORROWED HIS NAME, DIDN'T YOU? SO THAT IF WE EVER CHECKED, YOU'D HAVE A PERFECT ALIBI!
YOU PLANTED YOUR GUN IN DAVIS' ROOM SO WE WOULDN'T FIND IT ON YOU! ONLY—WE SPOKE TO THE REAL ALEX FIELDS TODAY! WE KNOW YOU'RE A FAKE!
YOU—KNOW?

YOU'RE SMART, BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE FIGURED I'D HAVE ANOTHER GUN!
WE DID, TOUGH GUY!
BUT WE ALSO FIGURED THAT YOU CAN COVER ONLY ONE OF US. AND THE OTHER CAN GET TO YOU— LIKE THIS!
"FIELDS" TRIED — BUT HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE.
I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D GET ME -- I NEVER MADE — A MISTAKE.
YOU MADE A MISTAKE, FIELDS -- A BAD ONE!
THERE'S YOUR MISTAKE! YOUR SHOES! THEY BOTHERED ME FOR QUITE A WHILE, BUT I FINALLY WORKED THINGS OUT!
MY— SHOES?
THAT'S RIGHT. YOUR SHOES! I SPOTTED THE TRUTH THE FIRST DAY I WAS HERE, BUT IT DIDN'T REGISTER. NOT UNTIL TODAY, WHEN MY PARTNER PUT HIS FEET UP ON A DESK AT HEADQUARTERS.
I HAD TO GRIN. EVEN PETE DIDN'T GET THAT. BUT IT WAS A FACT. I'D HAD THE ANSWER ALL ALONG. ONLY NOW, I KNEW WHAT IT WAS.
YOU HAD TO BE LYING, FIELDS. A MAN WHO CAN'T WALK MIGHT HAVE TWO OR THREE PAIRS OF SHOES. BUT IF HE COULDN'T WALK— THOSE SHOES WOULD HARDLY BE WORN DOWN AT THE HEEL, WOULD THEY?
The End

DEATH-- in the Air!

The plane was a light Piper Cub, spotless and trim in a new coat of gleaming aluminum paint. The young man walked around it with a swagger, narrowing his cold brown eyes as he shooed away some youngsters who were clustering around the aircraft. The young flyer had buzzed over the little Massachusetts town until not a citizen of Dutton was unaware that an airplane was in the vicinity. Then he had bounced his light craft to a landing in one of the meadows on the outskirts of town.

Now he looked with a sort of secretive amusement at the little knot of excited townspeople who came to investigate.

"I'll take anyone here up for a dollar. One dollar gives you a long, long ride. Whaddya say—who's goin' up?"

Hesitantly a 'teen-aged boy dug into his jeans and came up with a crumpled dollar bill. Then another boy stepped forward. And then a man. The aviator laughed in a superior manner.

"Take it easy," he said. "I've got all day. You'll all have a chance to go up." He and the young boy climbed into the small cabin and the New England quiet was split by the shattering cough of the warming-up aircraft.

As the trim ship left the earth and buzzed off through the sun-drenched air, fate caused Archibald Errikson, commander of the local Civil Air patrol, to drive up in his car and stop to see what the excitement was all about. Errikson was on his way to a nearby pond, intending to do some fishing. But when the plane nosed down once more to discharge its passenger and take on another, Errikson 's eyes opened wide in surprise. He pulled out of his inside pocket a little card with a series of numbers on it, and swore softly to himself. The numbers on the card checked exactly with the registration numbers on the plane's wing! This was a plane which three days earlier had been stolen from a private field near Portland, Maine! Errikson hurried off in his car. When he returned it was with the sheriff and three deputies. The plane thief readily gave himself up and admitted his crime. He gave his name as Raymond Forman, showing no sign of resentment as he was booked in the Dutton jailhouse on theft charges.

But by the next morning Dutton police were in no mood to remember his good manners. For during the night Forman had sawed through the bars of his cell window and escaped!

Nothing more was heard about the law-breaking airman until eight days later. At the small air field outside of Silver Point, Connecticut, Joe Sumner was talking with his friend and flying-school partner Herman Kramer, when a stranger walked up to them and asked Sumner to take him up for a lesson.

Their ship, a new biplane, was ready and waiting. Sumner and the stranger got in and went aloft. Sumner was an old hand at aviation instruction.

Back at the field, Kramer began to worry when three hours had passed and his partner had not returned. He notified the authorities, fearing that perhaps Sumner had crashed somewhere and was in need of help. A general alarm was spread, along with a description of the ship.

Late that afternoon the proprieter of a small field outside of Glens Falls, N. Y., was astounded to see the hunted ship drop onto his field and taxi toward the hangar from which he observed it. But even as it rolled toward him he was calling the police. When the pilot got out and asked whether he could buy some gas, the airfield owner agreed to sell him the fuel, and slowly started to service the plane. Five minutes later the police arrived and arrested Raymond Forman.

Inside the plane, the back of his head blown off, was the body of Joseph Sumner!

As before, Forman made no fuss. But this time he did not get away. On August 11, 1946, he was sentenced to life imprisonment.

He will neither fly nor kill again!

EASY MONEY

NOBODY RUNS TO THE COPS! NOT ON JEFF HAMILTON, THEY DON'T!
EVERY KILLER AND THIEF THINKS HE'S HIT UPON THE ONE SURE THING AND FEELS POSITIVE HE'LL BE ABLE TO OUTWIT THE LAW! JEFF HAMILTON THOUGHT SO, AND FORGOT THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO EVERY STORY... AND THAT THE SIDE OF THE LAW IS THE STRONGER! A DOUBLE-CROSS CAUSED BY GREED BROUGHT ABOUT THE EVENTUAL DOWNFALL OF THIS MURDERER... A MAN WHO LOOKED FOR... EASY MONEY!

ON AN EARLY AFTERNOON IN 1946, A LARGE MID-WESTERN CITY WAS DISTURBED BY THE SUDDEN SOUND OF GUNFIRE ...
HURRY, JEFF! THE COPS'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!
I JUST WANT TO SHUT THIS GUY UP!
STOP! STOP! OWWW!
BANK

NOBODY'S FOLLOWIN' US! IT'S A CLEAN GETAWAY!
YEAH... AN' WE GOT FIFTY THOUSAND IN NICE, NEW BILLS!

BUT THE "NICE, NEW BILLS" WERE A PROBLEM TO JEFF HAMILTON. WORD WENT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE THAT THE POLICE HAD THE SERIAL NUMBERS...
THREE DAYS HOLED UP WITH FIFTY GRAND IN HOT MONEY... AND WE'RE BROKE! WHAT'LL WE DO?
HOLD ON, RED! I JUST GOT A BRAINSTORM...
THESE GUYS WHO ADVERTISE THEY WANT TO INVEST MONEY! THEY MIGHT BE THE OUT WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR...
SOUNDS NUTTY TO ME!
JEFF CONTACTED PERSON AFTER PERSON WHO HAD PLACED ADS IN THE PAPER...
WE OUGHTA GIVE UP, JEFF! WHAT KIND OF DEAL DO YOU THINK YOU COULD MAKE, ANYWAY?
LET ME DO THE THINKIN'! THIS JEREMIAH BLANCHARD SAID HE'S GOT TWENTY GRAND TO INVEST! I MIGHT HAVE JUST THE PROPOSITION HE WANTS!
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK ANYONE'S GONNA PAY TWENTY GRAND FOR EVEN FIFTY GRANDE IN HOT MONEY?
WHAT IF I DON'T TELL HIM IT'S HOT!
THIS TIME JEFF SEEMED IN LUCK! JEREMIAH BLANCHARD WAS LOOKING FOR EASY MONEY, TOO...
SO YOU DON'T CARE WHAT KIND OF INVESTMENT YOU MAKE...
THAT'S RIGHT. MAKE ME A FAST BUCK AND I WON'T ASK QUESTIONS!
OKAY... HERE'S THE DEAL! I CAN GET YOU FIFTY GRAND WORTH OF PERFECT MONEY... A CINCH TO PASS ANYWHERE IN THE COUNTRY!
COUNTERFEIT! I DON'T LIKE TO FOOL WITH THE FBI!
IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL... OKAY! BUT, REMEMBER... YOU'RE PASSING UP A CHANCE TO BUY FIFTY THOUSAND BUCKS FOR ONLY TWENTY THOUSAND!
I'LL DO IT! SEND THE MONEY OVER TOMORROW!

THE NEXT DAY...
SO YOU'RE HERE! COME ON IN!
YOU GOT YOUR TWENTY GRAND?
NOT SO FAST. BEFORE I PAY YOU, I WANT TO MAKE SURE IT CAN BE PASSED WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE! LET'S GO OUT AND TRY TO SPEND SOME!
OKAY BY ME!
RED FIGURED THAT BY THE TIME THE MONEY REACHED A BANK, THEY'D BE OUT OF TOWN, SO....
THIS IS AS GOOD A SPOT AS ANY. I'LL WAIT OUT HERE!
OKAY, I'LL BUY ME NEW SUIT!
MEN'S SUITS
LATER...
HERE'S YOUR CHANGE!
I WATCHED THROUGH THE WINDOW! IT MUST REALLY BE PERFECT!
A SHORT TIME LATER..
I REALLY THINK I GOT THE BEST OF THE BARGAIN!
WE'RE NOT COMPLAININ', EITHER!
I'M STILL WORRIED ABOUT THE F.B.I.! IF THEY EVER FIND OUT...
DON'T WORRY, NOTHING'S GONNA HAPPEN!
LATER...
DID YOU GET THE TWENTY GRAND?
YEAH... AN' IS HE SCARED OF THE FEDS!

REAL SCARED, EH? THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA. MAYBE, WE CAN GET THAT FIFTY GRAND BACK AGAIN!
HOW'RE YOU GONNA DO THAT?
BLANCHARD NEVER SAW YOU... SO, YOU GO DOWN TO THE RAILROAD STATION, AND DO LIKE I TELL YA!
JEFF KNEW BLANCHARD WAS LEAVING ON A LATE TRAIN THAT EVENING... HIS PLAN WAS CLEVER...
THERE'S THE PIGEON, NOW!
JEREMIAH BLANCHARD, YOU'LL HAVE TO COME WITH ME... F.B.I.!
P-POLICE? N-NO...
NO POLICE ARE GETTING ME!
WAIT!
ONCE BLANCHARD HAD BEEN FRIGHTENED AWAY, THE REST WAS EASY.
SOME GUYS ARE BORN SUCKERS!
MEANWHILE THE WHEELS OF THE LAW WERE TURNING! WHEN THE BILLS PASSED BY RED REACHED THE BANK, THEY WERE SPOTTED AS PART OF THE HOLD-UP LOOT... DETECTIVES QUESTIONED THE CLERK...
CAN YOU REMEMBER WHO GAVE YOU THIS BILL?
WE HAD ONLY TWO HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS ALL WEEK... ONE OF THEM WAS GIVEN TO ME BY A RED-HEADED MAN!

THEY OUGHT TO GIVE THOSE CLERKS A MEMORY-TRAINING COURSE!
AT LEAST WE KNOW HE'S RED-HEADED. ALL WE CAN DO IS KEEP TRYING...

LATER THAT NIGHT, JEFF HAMILTON WAS ENJOYING THE SUCCESS OF HIS DOUBLE-CROSS...
SEE WHO'S THERE, RED!
OKAY, BOSS!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!

BLANCHARD, WHAT ARE YOU....?
I CAME TO WARN YOU ABOUT THE F.B.I.! THEY'RE ON MY TRAIL!

THEN... FOR THE FIRST TIME... BLANCHARD NOTICED FATS...
WH-WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE? YOU'RE NO F.B.I. MAN! IT WAS ALL A TRICK!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

I WANT MY MONEY BACK... OR *I'LL* GO TO THE POLICE! UGH....
YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE, SMART GUY!
BANG!

KILLING BLANCHARD WAS A MISTAKE. THE BODY WAS THROWN INTO THE RIVER... AND FISHED OUT BY THE POLICE A FEW HOURS LATER...
THIS IS OUR BREAK! THIS STIFF HAD THREE OF THE STOLEN BILLS IN HIS POCKET!
AND A RECEIPTED BILL FROM THE AVALON HOTEL... MADE OUT TO JEREMIAH BLANCHARD! LET'S HEAD OVER THERE!

... IN THE LOBBY OF THE AVALON HOTEL...
YES... MR. BLANCHARD HAD VISITORS. I REMEMBER THEM QUITE WELL.
CAN YOU DESCRIBE THEM TO US?
AND...
THE RED-HEAD AGAIN!
AND DO YOU REALIZE WHO THE OTHER VISITOR WAS...? IT WAS JEFF HAMILTON!
YES, CHIEF. JEFF HAMILTON AND RED-HEADED SIDE KICK... PUT A WATCH ON ALL RAILROAD STATIONS AND AIRPORTS...
A SHORT WHILE LATER...
THIS TIME WE'RE GOIN' OUT OF TOWN IN STYLE! SEVENTY THOUSAND BUCKS...
IT'S A SOFT LIFE, JEFF...
SUDDENLY...
HAMILTON! WE WANT TO HAVE A TALK WITH YOU!
LET'S HAVE THOSE BAGS!
COPS! MAKE A BREAK!
YOU'RE NOT GETTIN... OHH!
GOT HIM!
JEFF HAMILTON'S FINISH WAS WHAT HE SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED... THE WRONG END OF A BULLET...
D-DON'T SHOOT!
OKAY... BIG SHOT, COME ALONG QUIETLY...
WHEN WILL THESE GUYS EVER LEARN THEY CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT!!
END

habit traps a killer!

The loud bark of his dog brought Jack Thompson to the door of the bungalow he owned. It was night and all was dark at that late hour. Unwilling to awaken his wife and children by switching on the electric light, Jack had removed a flashlight from a desk drawer on his way to investigate the howls of the hound.

"What's the matter with that dog," he muttered under his breath as he unfastened the latch of the screen door, pushed the door open, and stepped outside. A flick of his thumb brought the flashlight into play, illuminating the back yard, where Thompson had chained the dog before retiring for the night.

A gun shot rang out, then another and finally a third. Thompson slumped to the ground. He never learned what made his dog howl. The flash of his hand torch had turned him into a perfect target for a killer then unknown.

The blast of gunfire brought the terrified and trembling Mrs. Thompson out of her slumbers. She hastened to the scene of her husband's sudden demise. Moments later, neighbors responded to her silence-piercing cries. The first of these to assemble summoned a doctor, who lost little time before announcing his findings.

"Thompson died instantly," he declared. "Three shots pierced vital parts of his body – one, his neck, severing the jugular vein; another entered his left temple, and the third lodged above the right ear. There is scant doubt any of these shots could have been fatal."

The local coroner confirmed the doctor's statement.

There was, however, the question of who had killed Jack Thompson – who, and why?

This proved a problem that perplexed Chief of Police Wilson and his associates for a time – but not for long.

The solution was simple; astonishingly so. And it revealed what experts in crime often aver – that "Habits Trap Killers."

Study the habits of killers and you'll find the killers themselves, they maintain.

Chief Wilson, scanning the scene of the crime some hours after the dastardly deed had been perpetrated, suddenly frowned. He bent over, picked up a bit of wood between forefinger and thumb, examined it closely and pondered a moment or two. Then he stooped again, repeating his previous actions, but this time picking up more short wooden sticks than he had the first time. These he transferred from the fingers of his right hand to the palm of his left hand before speaking.

"Boys," he exclaimed. "I might have something here. Match sticks, chewed up and broken. Could it be that Thompson's killer dropped them?"

It was still just a shot in the dark – a mere guess. Perhaps the matches offered a clue. Then again, perhaps they meant nothing. They could have been tossed aside by anybody, not alone the wanted killer.

That persons without criminal intent also chew on and break match sticks, Chief Wilson was well aware. He didn't put too much faith in the slivers of wood as an aid to the solution of this crime; he just hoped they would serve some useful purpose.

Then, too, he was troubled as to the reason for the killing. No motive had yet been advanced, nor had one suggested itself. Was it a case of ordinary robbery exploding into murder so that the would-be thief could escape detection? Was it an act of revenge – retaliation for some harm Thompson might have done to another?

The questions Chief Wilson asked himself set him to thinking.

But robbery was ruled out when an investigation revealed Jack Thompson owned little of real value, outside of his house. He worked hard for a small salary, not much of which remained in his possession after the weekly bills were settled.

As for revenge, that, too, seemed a rather

farfetched motive. Thompson, a poll of neighbors brought to light, had been well liked. None knew of a single enemy of the slain man; all had a kind word for him. Nor could anybody advance a reason of any sort why harm should have come to him in the fashion it did.

Perhaps it was a case of mistaken identity, mused Chief Wilson as he returned to the Thompson bungalow after making the rounds in search of possible clues. Returning to his destination, he switched off the ignition and stepped out of his car. As he closed the door, his attention fell on one person in the gathering before the Thompson home who appeared somewhat more curious than the others. Inquiry revealed this man to be Tom Snow, a firm friend of the deceased. Or so it was commonly believed.

"Snow," said Wilson after some introductory remarks, "I wonder if you have any idea who might have killed Thompson. I understand you and he were good friends. Do you know anyone who had reason to kill him?"

"Not a person in the world," replied Snow. "Jack was one of my best friends. If anybody had anything against him, I didn't know it."

"Thanks," said Chief Wilson, the questioning seemingly ended.

Yet the Chief of Police was not convinced of Snow's sincerity.

Entering the Thompson home, he referred to the interview in a conversation with Detective Walker, commenting about a reply made by Snow which had not quite satisfied him.

Walker thought Snow could stand further questioning. A glance through a window revealed to him that Tom Snow was still in front of the house. Walker opened the door and beckoned to him. The latter responded.

"Snow," said the detective. "Do you mind coming over to the station house for a few moments? You knew Jack Thompson so well, you may be able to give us more information about him than anyone else. Won't take long."

Snow accompanied Detective Walker to the latter's office.

They talked and smoked for a half-hour. The discussion finished, Snow took his leave. Detective Walker could hardly wait for the former to get out of sight before phoning Chief Wilson."

"Chief," he stated. "Get over to the station house as soon as you can. I've got something to show you."

About 15 minutes elapsed before Chief Wilson arrived. As he entered, Detective Walker greeted him with a stretched out hand.

"Look here," he said quietly, extending in the Chief's direction an ash tray heaped with broken and chewed match sticks.

"Tom Snow did this while we were talking," Walter explained. "Didn't do too much smoking, but look at all the match sticks he chewed and twisted up."

The plot was thickening. But still there was not enough evidence for an indictment, much less a conviction.

But in the next few weeks, matters jelled. Chief Wilson and Detective Walker had an air tight case. They presented it to the grand jury. And an indictment was brought in.

Tom Snow went on trial for the murder of Jack Thompson.

The motive: Thompson had threatened Snow with a beating if he repeated in trying to force his attentions on the attractive Mrs. Thompson.

Somehow, either because of her grief or because she feared it would bring shame to her, Mrs. Thompson had failed to relate this important evidence to the police at the time of her husband's death. But she spoke freely during the trial.

Brought to light, too, was the fact that Snow had borrowed a shotgun – "for some hunting," he had said – on the very day Jack Thompson was shot. This proved to be the death weapon.

But none of this overwhelming evidence could have been produced if not for the suspicion aroused by the finding of chewed and broken matches, a clue discovered by Chief Wilson and pursued by Detective Walker, both of whom were aware of the value of habit study in crime detection. In this case, it led to a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree for Tom Snow, who was sentenced to the full penalty of the law.

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